The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

THE TICKET.

The Democratic county convention last week did good work which is evidenced by the harmony and unanimity with which all nominations were made which subsequently received general endorsement from the Democracy in all parts of the county. There never was a set of men nominated in this county who more largely were the choice of the Democratic voters in general. We even hear the Republicans, on all sides, say the ticket is a good and strong one.

In again nominating Gov. Curtin for congress, in spite of the great war governor's declination, the Democracy but bestows a deserved high compliment to the eminent service he has been in the national legislature. We know he can stand another term, and we know the district, state and nation can not only stand it, but should join in demanding it. Gov. Curtin belongs to the people and when he dies the people will bury him. He has been an honor to the 20 district and the state.

For state senator Hon. P. G. Meek had a unanimous endorsement. His acquaintance with state politics and state affairs in general, fit him for the position. His bristling Democracy deserved the recognition bestowed, and if nominated by the conference he will go in without any obstacle, and we would be pleased to see the senior fall to Centre and our editorial brother.

Messrs. Woodward and Rhone came in for a unanimous re-nomination. This endorsement is entitled to the fullest support from the Democratic voters, and they will no doubt receive it. They are both farmers, and will work in the interest of that important class of our people. Both are possessed of large intelligence and will stand by the interests of their constituents upon all questions, and seek to legislate for the general good.

For Prothonotary Louis A. Shafer was nominated on the first ballot by so large a vote that it was simply a virtual ratification of the will of the masses previously expressed. Mr. Shafer is a young man of fine attainments and most excellent character. He hails from one of the best families of Walker township farmers, whose Democracy is of the first water and whose influence has been felt in Democratic politics in this county since its formation. No family has a better Democratic record than the Shafer family, and when we take its numbers and long service into consideration, none has received less recognition than the Shafers. But, all this aside, Lew Shafer, our nominee, must stand on his own merits, and here is where the Democracy can point with pride to their man—sterlingworth, temperate, spotless character, and eminently possessed of every qualification to fill the office of prothonotary, speaking German and English, all taken together, make his fitness so apparent that many Republicans think there should be no nomination against him. What we say of Lew is not overdrawn and falls even below the worth of the man.

For district attorney we have J. C. Meyer, by acclamation. Our nominee is a rising young Democrat who will be of future service to the party. He is fully competent for the place, and is a young man of excellent repute. It will bother the Republicans to match him, and he will go in by an overwhelming majority over any nominee pitted against him.

For county surveyor we have that live Democratic worker of Millheim, John H. Reifsnyder, who has always been true and at his post through sunshine and rain. As a surveyor he ranks among the best in this part of the state and his large acquaintance with our territory, lines and boundaries, make him a most fit man for the place. His nomination by acclamation was a deserved compliment.

Now, fellow Democrats, above is a ticket to be proud of. Give it your earnest support and swing old Center up to her proper place, by rolling up 1000 majority for our ticket.

The Democratic state convention met in Harrisburg to-day. We will give an account of its doings in our next issue.

Now they talk of seeing the *see*-serpent out on the prairies. Guess the critter is off on a summer vacation, or the fellow that seed the see-serpent had a snake in his hat. Vote the whole Democratic ticket and you won't see snakes, and carry a copy of the REPORTER and no snake will bite you.

Mr. Baker, of Lewisburg, has announced he will accept the nomination for congress if tendered. We understand Mr. Dill, of same town, is also a candidate.

The Bellefonte *Republican* says Guyer Mattern will be the next prothonotary of Centre county. Why, no, neighbor, there is much the Matter(n) there, A—L.A.S! (alas.)

BEAVER'S TRADE COUPONS.

The Trade Coupons issued in payment of wages by the firm of which General James A. Beaver is President, are the most glaring device yet invented to oppress the workingmen. The ordinary store order payable to bearer may pass among neighbors in payment for commodities such as farmers or hucksters supply cheaper than a merchant, however fair he may be, can afford to handle them. But this Trade Coupon is marked "Good for Face Value in Trade to Party Holding this Registered Number—Not Transferrable." In other words it binds the poor man compelled to accept it for wages to buy every article at the company store.

The law forbidding the issue of store orders for the payment of wages is specific on this point: "It shall be unlawful for any firm, company, corporation or association, their clerk, agent, officer or servant in this State" is the language of the statute "to issue for payment of labor any order or other paper whatsoever, unless the same purports to be redeemable for its face value in lawful money of the United States, bearing interest at legal rate, made payable to employe or bearer." The penalty for violating the law is a fine "in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars," the said fine to go to the common school fund of the district wherein the crime shall have been committed.

What excuse can General Beaver give for putting himself in contempt of the laws of the Commonwealth, and outraging the rights of laboring men in this way? It has been said that he knew nothing of it, but that is too transparent a fiction to delude any one. General Beaver has given the affairs of the Bellefonte Iron and Nail company strict and careful scrutiny. He was not ignorant of the law, because the device employed was adopted for the reason that it was supposed to be so skilfully drawn as to completely defeat the law. There is therefore no theory upon which Beaver may hang, except that his greed for money led him into base lawlessness in order that he might wring additional profits out of the muscles of his working men.

Col. Norris is practicing on sand bags for a set-to with the Mexicans.

The will of the late Samuel J. Tilden is made public. It is a characteristic document—clear, concise, specific in terms, leaving no room for controversy or contention. Every bequest is properly guarded.

The will disposes of $1,376,500 among the heirs, personal friends, dependents, and servants of the testator, and leaves the entire remainder of the estate, with sundry reversionary interests amounting to $155,000, in trust for benevolent purpose. The sum of $10,000 is set apart for the maintenance and care of the cemetery at New Lebanon, where the Tilden family are buried. To establish a free library at New Lebanon $65,000 and certain lands and buildings in that town are appropriated, with a possible addition of $35,000. For a like purpose in Yonkers $50,000 is directly devised, with a posible addition of $50,000. The executors are directed to procure the incorporation of an institution to be known as the Tilden Trust, with the capacity to establish and maintain a free library and reading room in New York city, and to promote such scientific and educational objects as the executors may designate, to which shall be conveyed the residue of the estate. This bequest is made subject to the condition that the corporation shall be formed during the lifetime of either Ruby S. Tilden or Susie Whittlesey. Otherwise the residue is to be applied to such charitable, educational and scientific purposes as the executors may designate.

No estimate is made in the will of the value of the estate, nor is any mention made of Graystone or the Gramercy Park property. Mr. Tilden's books are especially reserved, and they are to be disposed of as the trustees or executors may deem would have been most acceptable to the testator. They may or may not be given to the Tilden Trust.

MEXICO WONT FIGHT.

The Mexican authorities having read the speech of Col. A. Wilson Norris, in which he related how he won the battle of Gettysburg during the first day of the fight, a cabinet meeting was at once called and it was ordered that a telegram be at once sent to the Mexican minister at Washington inquiring whether this same Col. Norris was still living and in the United States. A reply was received that Col. Norris was still alive. The Mexican cabinet then resolved that they did not find it expedient to go into a fight with the United States, unless the government of the latter agreed that Col. Norris should not have a hand in it the first day of any battle.

The store order business at Beaver's nail-works will nail Republican prospects this fall. Beaver has his foot in it pretty badly.

Gen. Sickles thinks Mexico wants to have a war so as to rid of some more territory. "In comparison with the United States," he said, "Mexico is a feeble power, verh mucy inferior in military, naval and financial resources. My solution of the problem is that Mexico would like to repeat the maneuver of Santa Anna in 1846. She knows that if we take a slice of Chihuahua, Sonora and Lower California, we would take valuable territory to us and valueless to her, and that we might, as we did in 1846, pay handsomely for the territory taken.

"Public opinion in Mexico would not permit that Government to sell this territory by any respectable transaction or treaty. Indeed, if Diaz and his Cabinet proposed it they would be hanged; but if say $30,000,000 in gold can be drawn into the Mexican Treasury after a campaign or two, with the loss of a few of her Northern States, Mexico would accept the situation as she has done before. She is sorely in need of a sum like this. The money markets of the world are barred against her, and the only way she can raise funds is to sell land. Diaz and Romero are intelligent men, and they undoubtedly desire a conflict for the reasons I have given."

A pension bill was passed and signed by the President which raises the ratings to $30 per month for amputations below the knee, or a disability equivalent thereto; $36 for an amputation at or above the elbow or knee, or an equivalent disability; $45 for an amputation at the shoulder or hip-joint, or so near the hip-joint as to make it impossible to wear a leg.

Jas. A. M'Clain was elected chairman of the Dem. Co. Committee for 1887. We think the convention made a good choice. Mr. M'Clain is one of the most active young Democrats in the county and is largely acquainted all through the county. He is competent to manage a campaign, and will prove a first-class organizer. Mr. M'Clain will leave nothing undone to make next year's campaign a live and successful one.

GENERAL BEAVER'S PUNISHMENT.

The *Morning Patriot* says the defence General Beaver's business partners make for him against the proved charge that he has been violating the law of 1881, which prohibits the issue of store orders, has not benefitted him much. The fact is that in trying to exculpate him from the violation of the State law, they have supplied evidence sufficient to convict him of violating the United States statute relating to the currency.

When Congress determined to drive the currency of State banks out of circulation in order to force the national currency into use, an act was passed imposing a tax of ten per cent. on all currency or certificates of credit used as currency other than the currency of the government. The penalties put on the violation of the statute were severe, and judicial decisions have been made that bring the case of the Bellefonte Iron and Nail company within the penalty, if the statement of General Beaver's partner correctly presents the case. In that event the Federal officers of the Bellefonte district will find something to do in the neighborhood of General Beaver's nail factory.

But the fact is that General Beaver and his business partners have been violating the State law, and the defense was a subterfuge too thin to deceive any one. Under the law thus violated Gen. Beaver might be fined to an amount beyond the power of himself and his partners to pay. But the crime committed against the workingmen of the State is greater than that against the law, and as the people outraged are in fact the government they will be satisfied with the punishment that will come to him from an overwhelming defeat this fall.

The Mexican Government, through a communication received from Minister Jackson, requests the authorities at Washington to send a special envoy to Mexico. who can invgstigate impartially the legal questions involved in the Cutting controversy and report thereon. To this the Cabinet agreed in a peace-loving spirit, and meanwhile no action of any kind will be taken by either party.

A Republican from the lower part of the valley called in our office and asked, "how did old Beaver run?" We told him he made the riffle in the Republican convention the first pop. "Old Beaver," that was good, we thought, even without a trade coupon.

At Wilkesbarre, the other day, in the presence of a large audience at Malinckrodt German Convent, sixteen ladies took the black veil and twenty-three white veils.

Pleuro-pneumonia has appeared among cattle in some parts of Lancaster county.

Owing to rainy weather in Russia during the past fortnight grain is rotting in the fields, and the farmers are greatly depressed.

BEAVER'S STORE ORDERS.

One of the excuses offered in General Beaver's behalf in the matter of the company store orders issued to their workmen by the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company, of which he is President, maintains that the orders are not issued in payment of labor, but that the labor pays for the orders; in other words, that they are not paid out in lieu of cash, on pay day, but in advance of and to be taken up on pay day. This, it is said, is not in violation of the act of 1881, and technically it is not, though it was just that kind of orders and way of doing business against which the act was intended to apply.

But a correspondent of the Bethlehem *Times*, in reviewing the matter, quotes the following from the act of 1849, which he says has never been repealed and is consequently still in force:

"It shall not be lawful for any corporation within this Commonwealth, directly or indirectly, either by self or through any agent or agents, individual or individuals, to make issue, reissue, pay out or circulate, or cause to be issued, reissued, put out or circulate any certificate, check, order or due bill, or acknowledgement of indebtedness of any description, for any purpose whatever, payable or redeemable in goods, property or effects, or redeemable in anything except gold and silver; and any violation of the provisions of this act shall be held and deemed to be a forfeiture of the charter of any company so offending, and any private citizen may, by *quo warranto*, proceed, according to law, to have such forfeiture declared.

Of this act General Beaver's company is most certainly in violation. They violate the other, to be sure, but as to that they have a technical defense. As to this one, however, they can have no defense at all. Of the two acts the older one seems to be the stronger and better.

The Land Office is in receipt of a telegram stating that the Federal grand jury now sitting at Santa Fe has indicted 300 persons for frauds upon the land laws. Among those indicted are an ex-Delegate to Congress, two Territorial legislators and ex-Register Foster, who resigned precipitately when the new Administration came in.

The Republicans are terribly scared at the Democrtic ticket and affect to poohhoo it. All right, gentlemen, you will find us Democrats pooh-hooing with a grin and a smile in November when we see you tramp up salt river.

SENATOR PEALE ON THE STORE ORDER.

Ex-Senator S. R. Peale, of Lock Haven, came to the city yesterday on business. He is the business partner and a political and personal friend of Senator Wallace. As he sauntered up from the station to the Lochiel Hotel with his hand bag swinging carelessly he looked as if he had a Gubernatorial boom in his satchel. A short time afterwards he was closeted with Counsellor Olmsted discussing railroad law and other things of that sort, and after that a reporter of the *Patriot* caught him and before he had time to get away asked:

"What foundation is there for the statement that the store order system in use at the establishment of the Bellefonte Iron and Nail Company is copied from a system used by a concern with which yourself and Senator Wallace are connected as stockholders and directors."

"None whatever. There is a store at the mines but it is an individual enterprise, and how it is conducted, what system it uses I know not, or whether it has any system of orders I have no knowledge. Senator Wallace and I are directors in the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Company. There never has been anything in reference to any system of paying before the Board. The details of the business are transacted from the office of the company at Elmira. Neither Senator Wallace nor myself has the slightest knowledge in reference to the business except such matters as are brought before the board at its stated meetings. Soon after the organization of the company I gave a written opinion in which Senator Wallace concurred, in which I stated emphatically that the company could not conduct a store or pay the men in anything but cash or its equivalent, and I remember well the emphatic language in which Senator Wallace denounced the store order system. I presume if any of the workmen desire credit at the store it is arranged by some system, and if they want money I know that they get every cent that is due. One fact that I happen to know is that the employes of the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Company buy largely at other stores. I know this because I have heard dealers express gratitude for the trade they receive."

"Does the Clearfield Bituminus Coal Company derive any profit from its employes by the reason of orders sent to the store, or does the company get a commission or percentage from the business of the store?"

"The company does not get a commission, neither does it make one penny off its men through the store or otherwise, There has never been a complaint from our men that they were not fairly dealt with in all respects. They get honest weight, comfortable homes, prompt payment and kind treatment. I believe I am justified in saying that Col. George H. Platt, the Superintendent, has the confidence and esteem of every man in his employ. I have heard the storekeeper complain that by reason of the competition of other stores in that section he was obliged to sell goods down to the very lowest mark, and that there was not much in the business."—*Patriot*, 14.

BELFAST THE SCENE OF A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

Orangemen and Catholics Engage in a Bloody Fray.

London, August 15,—Rioting has been resumed in Belfast. From midnight last night until 9 o'clock this morning a rifle fight was in progress on the Shank Hill road and the Old Falls road. One person was killed and many were wounded. The town is seething.

A dispatch from Belfast says: Sectarian strife has recurred in a deplorable cold-blooded fashion. Expert marksmen this morning conducted a rifle fight from the roof tops, chimney stacks and street corners. Immense crowds, partisans, who carefully kept out of range, were prepared to assist by supplying ammunition and removing the wounded. Sides were equally divided. The moon shone brightly throughout the contest. The Orangemen admit that one of their men named MacFarlane was killed, and that two others, named Smith and Johnson, were mortally wounded; also, that there were numerous minor casualities on their side. They claim that they killed and wounded many Catholics, but the latter deny that they sustained serious losses. Many houses were riddled by bullets. Whenever the military appeared the combatants shifted their ground. Finally at 5 o'clock, after the riot act had been twice read, the troops charged upon the crowds and cleared the streets temporarily.

An old man and two women, inmates of a house on Conway street, from which many shots had been fired, were arrested. They stated that three men had forced an entrance into the house and had remained there all night firing from the roof. A howling crowd escorted the prisoners to the jail. The mob to-day repeatedly fired upon the police. A tavern owned by a Catholic, situated in a Protestant district, was looted. An order instructing the police to use buckshot instead of bullet has been canceiled.

THE WISCONSIN FOREST FIRES.

Terrible Destruction and Immense Loss of Property Entailed Thereby.

Milwaukee, Wis., August 15.—So wild is the territory traversed by the forest fires in northern and middle Wisconsin and so meagre the information as to the actual extent of the damage, that the losses can only be roughly approximated. The greatest damage was to standing timber, which is the source of wealth of this district.

President Hiles, of the Dexterville and Lake Superior road, who returned to-day from the devastated region, places the lumber and standing pine damage at several millions. He says unless heavy rains intervene within 14 days half the timber resources of seven counties will be destroyed. The drouth has been so long sustained that leaves have withered and fallen weeks before their time, swamps and marshes have dried up, creeks have disappeared and streams have dwindled to insignificant rivulets. Everything, therefore, burned like tinder, with no barrier to impede its progress. Hundreds of thousands of acres of openings, where the second growth of pine was growing, have been burned over.

Cattle and horses perished by the hundrens. Many were suffocated or died from inability to obtain water. Hundreds of acres of grain and thousands of tons of hay were consumed.

ERIN'S SON'S.

Gathering at Chicago for the Great Convention.

Chicago, August 15.—Probably no more cosmopolitan audience ever placed its seal of approval upon the demand for the legislative independence of Ireland than that which gathered at Ogden Grove yesterday afternoon. In the throng of 20,000 people which surged around the speakers' stand and made the welkin ring with its cheers the Irish-Americans were of course largely in the majority, but there were plenty of Americans to the manner born, English and Sweeds, Scandinavians and Germans, while even the Italian element was not conspicuous by its want of representation. The gathering was a surprise even to its most sanguine promoters, while as a reply to the strictures of Matthew Arnold and Editor Walter, of the London *Times*, regarding the sectional character of the American sympathy with Ireland, it was, so far as Chicago at least is concerned, complete.

A TOWN SWEPT OUT OF EXISTENCE.

Fort Keogh, Mon., August 12.—News has reached here that the new town, Lusk, in Northern Wyoming, near the Montana border line, was visited by a terrific storm of rain and hail last Sunday, which virtually swept it out of existence. The town contained several hundred inhabitants, and was built of tents and temporary structures of boards. The storm literally swept the earth clear of incumbrances. Tents, boards and canvas were wrenched from their moorings and whirled away. Yards of canvas were scattered everywhere along the neighboring foot hills, and even far up among the mountains. There were no serious casualties, owing to the lightness of the material composing the buildings.

A GRAND OFFER.

1. The "New York Weekly World" and the REPORTER, one year for $2.60 in advance.

2. The "Weekly World" and the REPORTER one year, and the History of the United States, bound in Leatherette Tree Calf, Gilt, and containing 22 fine Engravings. This dainty book of 320 12mo pages is indispensible to every one as a work of quick and convenient reference. It is printed on good paper, with wide margins, and a prize for a bibliophile, all for $2.75 in advance. This is the grandest offer you can get for two newspapers. 4a6t

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

The Democrats Swarming in the City.

The headquarters of the two leading candidates for the gubernatorial nomination were quite lively yesterday and last night. The supporters of Mr. Wallace claimed accessions of strength all day long and the Black men also exhibited an air of confidence. At the Wallace headquarters the figures showed a close approximation to two hundred votes for the Clearfield statesman. No figures could be obtained at the rival establishment.

Hon. S. J. Randall is in this city stopping at the Jones House. He declares that he will take no part in making of the nomination. But, the knowing ones ask significantly what is he here for if is not to take any part in the nominations.

It is safe to say that at this writing, midnight, every delegate is in the city. The crowds centre mainly about the Wallace and Black headquarters, and during the night became more or less noisy as their enthusiasm was stimulated by favorable reporters. It was a good humored contention throughout, however, and speech was unrestrained because there was no license claimed.

There are several platforms ready made in the hands of delegates. One which is described as Ben Johnson's platform is short, explicit, and clear. Another seems to have the friendly concurrence of Hon. B. F. Meyers. It promises economy in administration, just revision of the tariff, opposition to sumptuary legislation, and says a kind word for the Administrations of Cleveland and Pattison.

It is said that Scott will arrive here in the morning.—*Patriot*, 18.

WELL PUNCTURED.

[From the Hartford Times.]

For the last 12 years Otto H. Bowman, who died at the Bridgeport Hospital on Sunday, had been kept alive by hypodermic injections or morphia. For the nineteen months he had been at the hospital it is estimated that his skin had been punctured over 2,000 times in order to perform the operation, and 5 ounces of sulphate of morphia was the quantity used. In addition to this he was given daily two ounces of whiskey until recently, when he was allowed a bottle of beer daily. Before entering the Bridgeport Hospital he was in Bellevue, where he was under the same treatment. It is estimated that in the last 12 years his skin has been punctured 7,000 times, and there was scarcely a spot on his whole body where the marks of the hypodermic needle could not be seen.

DR. SMITH'S SALVE

—IS A WELL-KNOWN REMEDY FOR—

TETTER — ERYSIPELAS — SCROFULA

FLESH-WOUNDS, FELONS, BOILS, ULCERS, BURNS, SCALDS, CHAPPED-HANDS, PILES, CHILBLAINS, AND RUNNING SORES.

Sent by Mail, post-paid, for 25 CENTS.

Address, S. W. SMITH, Centre Hall, Pa.

Dr. Peter Smith, dec'd, was an old Centre county Physician of the first rank, having gained that position by the miraculous cures effected by DR. SMITH'S SALVE originated by his ancestors. A trial of the remedy produces the most convincing testimonials. At druggists. [Jul21

☞ You must now make your money out of the Barn and Poultry yard, with the LEHIGH CATTLE POWDER, to purify the Blood and cleanse the System, thereby prevent and cure disease in Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.

DUVOY'S HORSE & MULE POWDER, for all diseases of the Blood, Muscles and Nervous System, and save the 37 to 50 per cent. of food lost as indigested, in the ordinary way of feeding.

FARMER'S UNION CATTLE POWDER, in 7 lb. bags, for dairy use; to increase quantity and quality of Milk, Fat, Butter, Flesh and Eggs, and to give nature such ingredients as it needs to yield the largest profits.

DAIRY-MEN'S CATTLE POWDER, (for the same use as the Farmer's Union,) in 5 lb. bags, for 50 Cents per bag.

GAMBRINUS PULVER, The Liver Remedy,

JAPANESE CORN CURE, for Corns and Bunions.

UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE and ANT EXTERMINATOR, Never Fails.

DAIRY, POULTRY and DOCTOR BOOKS, with Goods Free.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 9jun6m.

ANARCHISTS IN PERIL.

Disagreement Among Counsel For the Chicago Bomb Throwers.

Chicago, August 16.—The liveliest kind of a row is brewing among the counsel for the defense in the anarchist trial. Ever since Mr. Foster came into the case there has been ill feeling between him and Captain Black. Each had his own views as to how the defense should be conducted and neither would give in an inch. The result is that a very poor defense was made, and the prisoners themselves begin to realize it now. Mr. Foster says that Captain Black is a socialist and that he himself is not, consequently they cannot agree. Mr. Foster takes the ground that the prisoners are guilty before the law of grave offenses, but not of murder under the statutes, and he justifies the action of the State's Attorney from beginning to end. Captain Black takes an entirely different view of the case, and this he will fully explain in his address to the jury. The two gentlemen held a long consultation without coming to any agreement. Mr. Foster spoke for five hours Saturday and six hours to-day. Then he withdrew from the case, leaving Captain Black to pursue his own course alone. It is expected that the case will be given to the jury Friday evening or Saturday morning, and that a verdict will be reached by Monday. It is thought now that at least three of the prisoners will be found guilty of murder.

Misgiving.

Dear, forgive me that I falter—
I am weak,
For the word I vain would speak,
But a vow before God's altar
Naught may break,—
Listen, then, for love's sweet sake?

We could walk in pleasant weather
Side by side,
Each with each other satisfied;
We could keep our step together
In the sun—
Love is easily begun.

Could we through life's many morrows,
Early, late,
Clasp the glad hands defying fate;
Tender, true, through joys and sorrows,
Undismayed
By the storm, the chill, the shade?

Strange, long, varying years together—
One by one
Must the golden life sands run;
Dear, forgive! but tell me whether
Love would lend
Strength and solace to the end!

A PURSE OF GOLD.

There was a holiday among all the shoemakers in one of the little principalities of Germany. It was not the festival of St. Crispin, but it was the wedding day of Fritz Hoebber and Catherine Fanburn. Fritz was the best natured, gayest and most skillful shoemaker in the city; Catherine the brightest and prettiest laundress in the environs. Never did happier hearts pronounce the vows of love and union. On their return from the church all the wedding party directed their steps toward the faubourgs. There beneath an arbor, was spread a table for all the guests. At the moment they were setting down they observed that the newly married couple had disappeared. Great was the tumult! They waited some time, but, losing their patience, a deputation was sent to seek for them.

During this time Fritz and Catherine were happily walking through the city. When they arrived at her home the young wife opened an old chest and took from it a new leather purse richly embroidered, and showed to her astonished husband that it was full of gold ducats.

"Behold the surprise I have reserved for you, dear Fritz," said she. "Are you not pleased? I know that this purse contains the value of 10,000 florins."

"How have you obtained this treasure?" cried Fritz amazed.

"What does it signify to you?" said she. "Can you not accept the gifts of heaven without criticising them?"

"Yes," replied Fritz. "If they really came from heaven; and it is precisely that which I must know."

"I tell you that this gold is truly mine—or rather yours, since I have given it to you," replied Catherine.

"But still," continued Fritz, "it is necessary to explain to me—" Cries, mingled with shouts of laughter, accompanied these last words, and a loud knock was heard at the door.

"These are our friends who have come to seek us," said Fritz. "I entreat you, Catherine, to tell me"—

"No more to-day," replied the young wife. "By and by, if you are wise, if you sincerely love your wife, and, above all, if you are not suspicious, not jealous"— And saying these words she opened the door.

Her appearance was hailed with loud applause.

"And Fritz—where is Fritz?" said several voices.

'Carry away the brider" said the groomsman, "and I tell you that Fritz will soon rejoin us."

Consequently the author of this proposal took Catherine by the arm and led her away. Fritz was little disturbed at their departure. He took the purse and his eyes dilated at the sight of the ducats. His imagination suddenly pictured a handsome shop filled with customers; Catherine was there, behind a counter, while lords and fashionable ladies pressed in crowds around the beautiful laundress. He quickly thrust his finger into the purse and felt in the midst of the ducats a small, folded paper which he quickly drew forth. Is was a note containing these words:

DEAR AND BELOVED CATHERINE: I send you these few ducats for the use you mentioned yesterday. I wish, my angel, I had the foresight to divine your slightest desire. Can I ever return to you a part of the happiness which you have given me since the commencement of our love? Adieu, dear Catherine. It is not your Prince who embraces you; it is the chief and most devoted of your servants."

And the billet bore the signature of the Prince. The poor husband completely lost his presence of mind as he finished reading this note. He left the house without a hat, the purse in his hand, and panting for breath stood before Catherine with haggard eyes. "Stop, miserable woman," cried he with a loud and angry voice. "Here is thy gold; take it and lead a joyous life with thy companions; I do not wish to share the price of infamy." He threw the purse at her feet, but she clung to his arm.

"Fritz," said she, "my dear Fritz, what have I done? Why these frightful words?,'

"The Prince, unfortunate one—remember, the Prince! Do not touch me—do not come near me; hide thyself from my sight if thou dost not wish me to commit some fearful crime!"

He so rudely repulsed her that she fell. When consciousness returned she looked around for Fritz, but perceiving that he had disappeared she covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly.

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After the violent scene, which had in some measure broken his marriage, Fritz left the city without knowing where he went. He then entered a public house and called for wine, which he drank with the distraction of a man overwhelmed with sorrow. Fritz could never recollect why he had related part of his misfortune to a companion at the inn. In fact, he could never explain why he had signed a paper which his companion presented to him, why he had spurned the gold he offered him, and above all how he had awakened in the barracks. It is certain that it was with a feeling of deep repugnance that he arrayed himself in military uniform. When the cockade bearing the colors of the Prince was given him it was impossible for him to contain his indignation. He tore the cockade in pieces and trampled it under his feet. Unfortunately this action did not escape the vigilant eye of the Corporal, and Fritz was condemned to receive 150 lashes. In consequence of this he remained six weeks in the infirmary, and henceforth he was distinguished for his good conduct.

At this epoch Fritz's country was at war with France. His regiment was soon to proceed towards the frontier, but before his departure he received the honor of being appointed corporal. Although his mind was embittered by his misfortune, he did not fail to attribute this favor to the Prince, and he shuddered when he thought what it had cost him. It is but just to say that, notwithstanding his wrongs and sorrows, he expected each day to receive some intelligence from Catherine, and her silence in this respect only confirmed his conviction of her guilt. Fritz fought with the energy of anger and the courage of desperation. The battle was wholly lost for the Prince and his army. The timidity of some of the troops who had run away was a fresh motive to reward the constancy of those who had remained steadfast, and Fritz was appointed officer.

The promotion and this honor were a new source of bitterness to him because he could only attribute them to the influence of his wife; and he thought that each new honor, the same as the purse of gold, was paid for by her infidelity. "Alas," said he, "if I must every day receive a new promotion in this way, where shall I stop?"

When he became captain he resolved to leave the service, and it was not without a struggle that he wrote to the Prince asking his permission to resign his office. The resignation was accepted. The Prince also gave him 500 ducats from his private purse. This sum was paid him the same day he received his dismissal. At sight of the gold Fritz clenched his fists, but took the gold without denouncing the giver.

After taking leave of his comrades Fritz departed for his native city, where he had not been for two years. On his route he thought of Catherine and the love she had professed for him, and he believed it was far better to be happy in being deceived than so unhappy by knowing too much. Fritz went to the house occupied by Catherine, and while he was saying that he never would enter it again he had already knocked at the door. It was Catherine herself who came to open it. But how changed she was. Her cheeks were pale and emaciated, and frequent weeping had dimmed the lustre of her eyes. But she was still pretty.

She started back in surprise upon seeing her husband, extended her arms, uttered one cry and then fell senseless upon his bosom. He bore his wife to a couch and felt strongly inclined to pardon her. But an idea occurred to him "What good has it done," thought he, "to have worn for two years the livery of State, to have received one hundred and fifty lashes, to have bivouacked and paraded in the dust, to have slept in the open air and then pardon my wife.

Catherine finally opened her eyes. "Is it you at last?" cried she; "have you then returned and do you still love me?"

"Yes, madam; you see me returned. With respect to loving you still, it is necessary for me to lose first the remembrance of a certain purse of gold."

"Yes, that gold—that purse!" cried Catherine. "I knew it was that which set us at variance; besides, I have not touched it—it is all there." She ran to the old chest, drew out the purse and threw it from the window into the river that ran near the house. This action was done so rapidly that Fritz had no time to prevent it. He stooped forward rather sadly to gaze at the bubbling of the water, which noiselessly closed over the treasure buried in its bosom.

"Now," said Catherine, "you see you have no longer any reason for not loving me."

"I see," replied Fritz, endeavoring to conceal his disappointment, "that you have thrown your money into the river; but I do not see how your prodigality will explain this note."

"What note?" said Catherine.

"This letter, written by the same hand which signed the nominations and commissions; this letter that I found in that purse."

"A letter from the Prince?" she said confounded.

"And from whom should it be?" cried Fritz.

"This letter was not for me," was the reply.

"Truly," responded Fritz. "Dear and beloved Catherine. Is it not to you these lines are addressed? And the purse—was not that sent to you?"

"I do not know the Prince!" said Catherine, weeping. "I never saw him. That gold was sent to me by my aunt."

"Ah—what!" replied Fritz, utterly stupefied. "Your aunt is then"—

"Alas, yes!" said Catherine, "my aunt is named Catherine, like myself; but now she is the Baroness de Brent. My father, when dying, ordered me never to see her or receive anything from her. Several times she had sought to make me presents, but I have always refused until this once, because of our marriage. I believed it right to accept it—it was for you. If I committed a fault did I deserve such cruel abandonment?"

"So," said Fritz, "it was not to you the Prince gave the gold and sent the note?"

"No; without doubt it was my aunt."

"It was no thanks to you then that I was appointed corporal, and then made captain after having been whipped?"

"No. It was perhaps through the influence of my aunt."

Fritz fell down perfectly overwhelmed. The caresses of his wife reanimated him, and the husband and wife forgot for the moment their sorrows in a fond embrace.

"After you disappeared," said Catherine, "I spent nearly six weeks trying to find you; then my poor mother fell sick and I tended her until her death. After I recommenced my search I learned that you had enlisted and that your regiment had left the country. I waited—hoped—and at last you have come."

Nothing would have been wanting to the happiness of Fritz and Catherine if poverty had not knocked at their door. One morning Fritz thought of throwing himself into the river—doubtless to go and seek for the gold his wife had thrown away. Arriving at the brink he raised his eyes and perceived upon the wall of the wharf a placard, which he read: "There has been drawn from this place a purse containing 10,000 ducats in gold. The owner can claim the same of Luding, fisherman, Ninth faubourg."

Fritz took the road to the dwelling of Luding. The honest fisherman returned the purse to him untouched, and he could now realize his first dreams by purchasing a handsome shop. Happiness restored Catherine's beauty and in a short time Fritz's shop became the rendezvous for all the young people.

THE HARMONY OF COLORS.

Selections in Fitting Up Apartments, Dressing, Etc---Hints to Merchants.

By harmony of colors we understand colors placed side by side in such a manner that they do not injure the effect of each other; rather, on the contrary, complete each other, i. e., they gain in intensity.

Those who are familiar with the harmony of colors can, by using objects of familiar use, make such selections in fitting up apartments, in dressing, etc., so that with the greatest simplicity they are able to produce a more favorable effect than is possible with the most extravagant expenditure without a sense of harmony in color.

A merchant, dealing in colored goods, can very greatly improve the appearance of his stock by knowing how to group them in such a way as to produce a harmonious effect. Very often, owing to a lack of taste with reference to colors among dealers, it will be found that the silks in one shop will appear much fresher and brighter than in another. This difference in effect to colors is, however, nothing more or less than one merchant arranges his goods so that colors are in harmony, while the other does not follow any definite plan. In the first instance the goods gain, while in the second they lose in intensity of color. The attention of the ladies is particularly called to the importance of harmony in colors, for the most of them in the selection of their colored dresses, bonnets and trimmings, produce the greatest discord in the composition of the colors. Harmony in color does not depend on the will or caprice or personal taste of an individual, but it is based on the unchangeable laws of nature, which we shall immediately discuss.

Red and Green—A red body reflects green rays, while on the other hand, a green body reflects red rays. Therefore green is the color which completes red, and similarly red is the color which completes green. Both colors, therefore, gain in intensity.

Blue and orange—A blue body often reflects orange rays, and inversely an orange body will frequently reflect the blue rays. Orange is, therefore, the complimentary color of blue, and vice versa, therefore each color intensifies the other.

Violet and Greenish Yellow—A violet body reflects greenish yellow, and inversely a greenish yellow body reflects violet. Both colors, therefore, complete each other, and intensify each other.

Indigo and Yellow—Indigo reflects yellow, and yellow indigo rays, hence they are complimentary and intensify each other.

It would carry us too far to describe all the other colors which are complimentary.

Wagon Wheels.

I have a wagon of which six years ago the felloes shrank so that the tires became loose. I gave it a good coat of hot oil, and every year since it has had a coat of oil or paint, sometimes both. The tires are tight, yet they have not been set for eight or nine years. Many farmers think that as soon as the wagon felloes begin to shrink they must go at once the blacksmith shop and get the tires set. Instead of doing that, which is often a damage to the wheels, causing them to dish, if they will get some linseed oil and heat it boiling hot and give the felloes all the oil they will take, it will fill them up to their usual size and tighten to keep them from shrinking, and also keep out the water. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of mixing paint, you can heat the oil and tie a rag to a stick and swab them over as long as they will take oil. A brush is more convenient to use, but a swab will do if you do not wish to buy a brush. It is quite a saving of money to look after the woodwork of farm machinery. Alternate wetting and drying injures and causes the best wood soon to decay and lose its strength unless kept well painted and oiled. It pays to keep a little oil on hand to oil fork handles, rakes, neck yokes, whiffletrees and any of the small tools on the farm that are more or less exposed.

The Chinese and the Telegraph.

I remember the first introduction of the telegraph to China many years ago. For a long time every means, from moral suasion to bribery and corruption, was used at Pekin to obtain permission to bring the telegraph to Shanghai. No power could possibly induce the Chinese authorities to consent. The Great Northern Telegraph Company had a cable to Hong Kong. They did not say anything. They quietly laid a cable to the mouth of the Wungpoo river, fourteen miles below Shanghai. They fixed up telegraph poles from an office there down the river side some distance, and one night they laid the cable up the river, connected it with their wires, and the day after they announced that the Chinese could visit their building and see it work. The Chinese came in crowds. They were asked to send messages to Hong Kong to their friends and they received answers, all free, and inside of four hours the company discovered that the Chinese were getting quotations from Hong Kong and speculating on the markets. The company shut up the free show suddenly and made piles of money, and the government never interfered with the telegraph.

"Yes, Sir!"

Among my mother's lady friends there was one beside whom I particularly loved to be, with whom I particularly loved to talk.

She was the widow of a pianist who died very young, but very celebrated—Adolphe Gance. Her name was Alice. I assure you that Madame Gance was beautiful. Madame Gance attracted me, for beauty is a sweet thing; Madame Gance made me afraid of her; for beauty is also a terrible thing.

I must tell you that when she came into the drawing room that evening she threw to every one, even to the most humble person—myself—a crumb of her smile. I could not keep my gaze away from her; and I fancied that I detected an expression of sadness in her lovely eyes; the idea of her being unhappy absolutely upset me. You see I was an innocent fool. She was asked to play something. She played one of Chopin's nocturnes; I have never heard anything so fine. I thought I could feel the fingers of Alice—those long white fingers from which she had removed the rings—touch my ears with a celestial caress.

When she had finished I went as if by instinct and without being aware of what I was doing to conduct her to her seat, and to take my place beside her. Inhaling the perfume of her robes, I closed my eyes. She asked me if I was fond of music; her voice made me tremble from head to foot. I opened my eyes and saw that she was looking at me; that look made me lose whatever brains I had.

"Yes, sir," I replied in my confusion.

If the ground did not instantly open and swallow me up, it was only because nature always remains deaf to the most ardent prayers of men.

I passed all that night in my room alone, calling myself an idiot and a brute, and thumping my face with my fists. In the morning, after long reflection, I still refused to be reconciled to myself. I thought: "To wish to tell a woman she is beautiful, that she knows how to draw sighs and sobs and veritable tears from a piano, and yet after all be unable to say more than "yes, sir!" to her—this is a crime that ought by right to deprive one forever from the privilege of expressing his ideas in words. Pierre Noziere, you are a weak-minded idiot. Go hide yourself."

Alas! I could not even hide myself altogether. I had to appear at table, at school, in public.

Those two words—Yes, sir—forever rang in my ears. Their souvenir was ever vividly present—or, rather, by a horrible phenomenon of conscience; it seemed to me that time had suddenly paused, and that I remained living indefinitely at the precise instant when I had articulated the irreparable phrase, "Yes, sir." It was no remorse that tortured me;—remorse is nothing at all compared with what I felt. I remained in a black melancholy for six whole weeks.

Only this summer I again met Madame Gance at a water-place. Half a century now weighs upon the beauty which caused me my first blushes and the most delicious embarrassments of my life. But that ruin beauty has grace still. And I, myself gray-haired, had long annulled the vows of my youth.

"Good-day, madame," I said to Madam Gance.

And this time, alas! the emotion of other years troubled not my gaze nor my voice in the lepst.

She recognized me without much difficulty. Our memories united; and we aided each other to while away the commonplace hours of hotel life in familiar chat. New ties soon formed of their own accord between us—ties only too strong—the fellow feelings of fatigues and the pains of age. Every morning we would talk, as we sat on some green bench in the sun, about our rheumatisms and our mournings for the dead. It was an inexhaustable topic. In order to divert ourselves a little we began to mix up the past with the present.

"How beautiful you used to be, madam," I said to her one day, "and how greatly admired."

"It is true," she replied with a smile. I can dare to say it now that I am an old woman; I used to please. This memory consoles me a little for growing old. I was the object of such flattering homage once! But you would be astonished to know what mark of adoration touched me the most of all I received during my life."

"I am very curious to know."

"Well, I will tell you. One evening—oh, it was ever so long ago—a little college boy felt so bewildered by looking at me that he answered, Yes, sir, to some question I asked him. No mark of admiration I ever received so flattered and delighted me as that Yes, sir, and the way it was said. I cannot imagine what kept me from kissing the little rascal on both cheeks."

Lying with the Head High.

It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with his head exalted or even the body, is most wholesome. Those who consult their own ease on the point argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, it is nevertheless a dangerous habit. The vessels through which blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in the cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty near on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep in this position to avoid danger.

—Separate vests of white pique, light-colored kid or lace and ribbon are features of many summer dresses, and by a simple change of vest a plain street suit is converted into a dressy afternoon toilet.

—The Norfolk jacket is numbered among the fashionable bodices, and is made up of cotton as well as wool material. The belt is very broad, and if the jacket is of heavy wool it is frequently finished with light leather binding and straps.

FASHION NOTES.

—White camel's hair is much used for 5 o'clock tea gowns.

—Embroidered silk gauze is one of the beautiful semi-transparent fabrics for disposing over silk, and is capable of even more graceful arrangement than tulle. The best is obtained by choosing gauze of an indistinct cloudy shade, with an underdress of more pronounced color.

—Morning caps, a la odalisque, are made of oriental-embroidery, a fringe of soft silk pendants falling over the hair. Two rows of broad white lace, gathered full from the crown, falling over the embroidery in front, and in full folds at the back.

—The Norman peasant hats are becoming only to those who have round, full faces, as the brim and trimmings are raised exceedingly high in front and the crown is so narrow and arched in the back that most of the coiffure is exposed. The handsomest of these are made of cactus lace-straw or fancy braid in open-work designs, dotted with fine-colored beads. They are lined with changeable silk and trimmed with coronet of Marguerites, hedge roses, hawthorn blossoms or pink hollyhocks mingled with wood moss and sprays of heather bloom.

—A bonnet of white straw has the brim covered with white lace, embroidered with gold; a full cluster of black velvet loops, placed directly in front, has sprays of purple lilac and pansy blossoms arranged among them. A bonnet of pale, fawn-colored crape has a coronet brim of dark-brown velvet. The trimming consists of bows of gauze ribbon and tinted carnations. The strings are of gauze ribbon. A picturesque straw hat, with drooping brim, is trimmed with gold-colored surah loosely folded around the crown. Gold-colored ostrich plumes are arranged gracefully on the right side at the back, falling over the crown; a cluster of them is fastened on the left side.

—Round hats for church and driving in the country have high crowns, square or conical; brims that turn up turban-like in the back and widen to a straight flat, protruding brim over the eyes. These may be of either boucle, Neapolitan, lace, straw, Milan or rough-and ready braid. The hat is faced with velvet, and bands of picot velvet ribbon let into the straw braids emerge from about the third row on the sides of the crown and cross each other at regular intervals. Velvet ribbon, with satin on the reverse side, is clustered in groups of tied bows upon the front of the hat, the loops run through with long gold pins. Pretty and becoming English walking hats have the deep rolling brims faced with black velvet and the crowns encircled with bias bands of the same dotted with yellow straw bobs. The hats in front are adorned with loops of the same trimming, intermixed with straw aigrettes in black and yellow. Garden-party hats are made of white silk muslin, trimmed with Normandy lace and sprays of blush roses. Point d'esprit nets over wire foundations trimmed with cascades of the same pattern are very chic, the crowns encircled with wreaths of crape flowers mixed with the lace. Other hats are wide-brimmed Leghorn, trimmed with ruby velvet, cream lace and pink-edge roses. Fish-wife poke-bonnets of handsome lace of more expensive kinds, with lace coat and parasol to match, are costly additions to toilets designed for elegant watering-place wear. A hat of gold-colored straw is trimmed with a band of pansy-colored velvet, edged with a fall of Chantilly lace. On the left side is a cluster of daisies and anemones.

—For the seaside material of moss-green fourlard. The bottom of the skirt has a deep and very pretty border of flowers woven in the goods, and should be cut longer in the back, so as to be slightly draped. The front is partly covered by three pointed draperies, which are gathered at the belt, terminating with a beaded ornament at the bottom, and are then joined to the bottom of the skirt. The corsage is pointed and is of two textures, plain and figured, and is separated by a trimming which consists of a drapery forming jockeys over the sleeves, and then descends in revers front and back, so as to surround the plain part. Beaded stars hold the plaits of the jockeys on each shoulder, and at the top the corsage opens like a shawl or plastron of satin; at the neck is a pink collar of satin, Medicis style, closed with a dash of passementerie over the buttons; elbow sleeves, having a trimming like the corsage. Another is of ecru batiste. The false skirt is of mauve-colored taffetas, over which is a skirt of batiste, bordered with a deep border of Irish guipure. The drapery is plaited on the sides, and then falls to the border in shells. Bunches of mauve-colored ribbon trim the right side of the overskirt, and the back drapery falls in graduated points. The front of the corsage opens over a plastron of guipure bordered with a drapery of manuve-colored silk. The front plaits are held at the waist with a belt and bunch of ribbons, the collar also being composed of ribbon, which knots on the right side. The elbow sleeves are puffed at the top and are tightened with a cuff of guipure. Round hat of ecru-colored straw, trimmed with tulle and rose buds. Another costume has a plain foulard skirt gathered to a belt. Then the gathers are shirred and drawn from the left side, to cross biasly and descend to the right, where they are held about twelve inches above the bottom of the skirt. They continue then straight around, shirring the right side of the polonaise, which is as long as the skirt. The polonaise is double-breasted and closes in a point on the left side, on the bottom button being placed a ribbon fan, the points of the polonaise being cut away to show the front of the skirt as above described. The right side is pinned to the shirring of the skirt, while the left side falls to the border. The back is composed of deep plaits at the waist, and is then draped so as to form irregular plaits, which form the back into a point a little shorter than the front. Straight collar and elbow sleeves.

HORSE NOTES.

—Joe Cotton is in poor condition.

—Richball seems to have lost his speed.

—The pacer, Messina Boy, now has a record of 2.16¾.

—Clingstone's 2-year-old full brother will be kept for stock purposes.

—Charley Friel, the pacer, was called Allie Walker when he was a trotter.

—R. C. Pate's string have been of very little account since the early spring.

—Six American-built sulkies have just been shipped to Sydney, New South Wales.

—Kirkman is coming around all right, not being broken down, as reported.

—Budd Doble drove Bonnie McGregor to a record of 2.17¾, at Cleveland, recently.

—Mr. Emery is rebuilding the great barn at Forest City, using the plan of the old barn.

—Williamsport, Pa., claims September 7, 8, 9 and 10 as the dates for a fall trotting meeting.

—The Rochester free-for-all class did not fill, and a special race will probably be substituted.

—Wyndham Walden has sold Letitia, 3 years, by Tom Ochiltree, out of Letty, to Jockey Garrison.

—J. G. K. Lawrence, the Secretary of the Coney Island Jockey Club, has received four additional nominations to the great Realization stakes of 1889, thus making in all 217 nominations.

—The Utica Driving Association at its annual business meeting, held a few days since, elected the following officers: President, Hon. C. W. Hutchinson; Vice President, C. J. Everett; Treasurer, M. G. Thomson; Secretary, B. A. Clark.

—Joshua Tuthill, for several years President of the East Saginaw Association, and a member of the Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association, died at his home, East Saginaw, Mich., on Wednesday, July 21, aged 58 years.

—At New York a few days ago, John Murphy drove the bay mare Western Belle, a half mile, in harness, in 1.08¼, and repeated in 1.09. Then he sent her a full mile in 2.25, and then drove Majolica a mile in 2.20¼, getting to the half-mile pole in 1.09¾.

—"Knapsack" McCarthy says his b. m. Anniversary will beat 2.20 this season. She has already trotted in 2.25½. She is running bred, being by Imp. Hurrah, out of a mare by Simpson's Blackbird. She trots without weights and in light shoes.

—The Associated Press despatches reported Mary Powell as distanced in the fourth heat of the 2.23 class at Detroit. This was not the case. She hit her arm badly in the first heat, but trotted two more, all that were decided the first day. The second day she had to be drawn, as the leg was badly swelled.

—At Wagner's Stock Farm, Marshall, Mich., there was foaled on July 25 a black stallion colt with a remarkable inheritance of speed, being by Black Cloud, record 2.17¼, dam Naiad Queen, record of 2.20¼, by Gooding's Champion, she out of Tackey, record of 2.26, by Pilot, Jr. Mayor Wagner is justly proud of the youngster, which he reports as remarkably strong and handsome.

—Jim Guest won the Great Western handicap, a mile and a half, in 2 34, at Chicago, on the 24th ult., which just equals the record made by Luke Blackburn at Monmouth Park in 1880. Luke was then 3, and carried 102 pounds, while Jim Guest is 4, and his impost was but 98 pounds. Joe Cotton won the race last year as a 3-year old, with 102 pounds up, and his time was 2.35¾, winning very easily by two lengths, while Jim Guest was pushed to do his best by Punka. On the same day Charley Lucas ran three-quarters in 1.14, which equals the best time on a circular course, though the figures have been frequently beaten on the straight stretch at Louisville. The same day the distance was run by Moonlight, in 1.14¼, and the mile dash which followed fell to Gleaner, who ran the distance in 1.41¾, carrying 117 pounds. For three-quarters or a mile the big son of Glenelg and Gong appears just now to be invincible.

—Bendigo, the winner of the English $50,000 Eclipse stakes, is an Irish-bred horse, having been foaled on the property of Mr. Taylor. His career illustrates the uncertainty attached to the purchase of youngsters, for he was sold as a 2-year-old at the Curragh to Mr. T. Connolly, for only 70 guineas. At the time he was very green, never having been tried in a good, hard gallop. He did not run at 2, but as a 3-year-old he was sold to Mr. H. T. Barclay, his present owner, for 850 guineas, which included his engagements for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire (1883). He did not do well on the trip to England, and was nowhere in the Cesarewitch, which was the first race in which he ever started; but with 50 to 1 against him he won the Cambridgeshire a fortnight later with 94 pounds up; but was defeated for the Liverpool Cup, in November. In 1884 Bendigo started in only three races. He was unplaced, with 117 pounds, in the Stewards' Cup, at Goodwood, won by Sweetbread. He ran second, with 114 pounds, to Florence, in the Cambridgeshire, and was unplaced in the Chetwynd Handicap, at Leicester. It was only six furlongs, and Energy, the winner, gave him 24 pounds, showing how wonderful a performer Energy must have been. In 1885 he ran only three races. He won the Lincolnshire Handicap, in March, with 117 pounds; but, with 134 pounds, he was third to Plaisanterie for the Cambridgeshire. In breeding Bendigo comes of a very stout race. His sire, Ben Battle, was a son of Rataplan (brother to Stockwell) and Young Alice, by Young Melbourne; 2d dam Sweet Hawthorne, by Sweetmeat; 3d dam old Alice Hawthorne, the dam of Thormanby. Bendigo's dam was Hasty Girl, by Lord Gough (by Gladiateur); 2d dam Irritation, by King of Trumps (by Velocipede); 3d dam Patience, by Assault.

FARM NOTES.

BREAKING A COLT TO THE HALTER.—If the colt endeavors to pull away after the halter is on, you have to circumvent him by a little strategy. Take a common clothes-line rope and make a large slip-loop knot around the body, drawing it moderately tight, and pass the end up between the front legs through the halter. The reason for doing this is very apparent. He cannot understand how anything can pull the hind part of his body, and his head at the same time; and on feeling the strain behind he will go forward, and thus you will accomplish your object without being compelled to use force. Taking this rope in the right hand and standing directly in front of the colt, say, in a decided manner, "Come here!" and at the same time pull the rope sharply. The colt will invariably move forward, and when he does so, caress him. Repeat this two or three times, until he will quickly move forward; then say, "Come here!" Next, with the rope hitch him to the manger or to a post, and standing in front of him, open and shut umbrellas, shake buffalo robes and beat tin pans—in fact, make as noise as possible without touching him. Of course he cannot think of two things at once, and the rope tied around him behind catches him by surprise, and he will end by giving up trying to get away when he finds that he is freer from pain when he is quiet and still than when jerking his head. For a very nervous horse put the rope as far forward as possible around the body. This treatment can be applied until he is thoroughly halter broken. The same arrangement is the most successful one in existence for halter pullers, and is also a most valuable assistant in leading a horse behind a wagon. How many people are at their wits' ends continually when on a long ride with a horse tied to the carriage behind—and yet this simple invention would prevent it all, and they would not be obliged to even give the horse a thought.

PROFIT ON FOWLS.—A Northern farmer says that last year he kept 28 hens and two cocks which cost him $38 15 to feed and care for. But he sold eggs and chickens enough to bring him $81 60, leaving a profit of $43 45. But a woman in his neighborhood from 42 hens cleared $100 profit above all expense. There are doubtless thousands of such instances that could be given, both in the North and South, if accounts were kept, even where much pains are taken to raise fowls; but what must be the profits of those tens of thousands who take no pains, but leave the fowls to forage for a living, and yet sell off all the surplus eggs and fowls at extravagantly high prices? A pair of such hens at $1 pays about 100 per cent. upon the investment. The eggs are not as rich as those of well-fed hens, but they sell for the same price, while the uncared-for hens fall but a few cents below the fattest and finest in the market. If these things are true they show that it will pay to raise fowls under almost any circumstances.

IT may not be generally known that there is a very simple and inexpensive remedy for cuts, and bruises on horses and cattle, at the command of almost every one. In cases of fresh cuts or injuries from barbed wire, however severe, or running sores, apply to the wound, lime, fresh slaked, of the consistency of thick cream, with a common paint brush. Cover the wound as quickly as possible and repeat daily, or oftener if necessary, In a short time new flesh will form, and the wound heal without hardly a scar.

THE idea that straw is only of value to rot down into manure has had its day. It has very little value for this purpose, and if no better use can be had for it there would be good policy in selling straw wherever there was a near market. But bright wheat or oat straw makes a valuable part of the ration for horses or store stock. It needs to be fed with grain, but with either corn or oats, cut straw makes in most places a better and cheaper feed than hay alone.

To produce the seeds of an apple exhausts the tree more than to produce the much greater quantity of meat, because they contain a much larger proportion of the mineral elements. As much meat or pulp can be grown on 500 fine large apple trees as upon 1000 small, inferior ones, but the production of seeds will be only one-half as great. Thus "thinning" not only adds to the value of the present crop, but economizes the energies of the tree for future ones.

DISEASES are often communicated by feeding horses in stalls which have been occupied previously by diseased animals. Such stalls should first be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. To do this take a pint of sulphuric acid and put it in a bucket of water. Then, with an old mop, wash all parts of the stall, especially the trough or manger. All stalls should be occasionally so disinfected, as their constant use permits them to gradually become unfit abodes of the animals.

CANTALOUPES.—Melons were first called cantaloupes from being cultivated at Cantaluppi, a villa near Rome, where they had been introduced from Armenia, by missionaries. The name is said to be still in use in some parts of Europe for a class of deeply ribbed, yellow—fleshed melons. In this country it is applied to different kinds of melons in different localities, and the significance of the word cannot be well defined as now used.

ENGLAND buys $19,252,884 out of the $20,805,824 worth of the bacon we export, of hams, $2,454,980 worth out of the $3,231,509, nearly half of the $3,462,538 of pork, and about one-third of our surplus lard.

THE calf born in the fall, fairly well wintered and given the vigorous growth that grass food gives the following summer, makes a better cow than the spring raised one, and she is two years old—the right time for the birth of her first calf.

HOUSEHOLD.

ANGELICA (to preserve).—The way in which French confectioners preserve the fresh stalks of this plant in Paris is exceedingly simple, and the result an agreeable sweetmeat which contains most of the virtues of the plant, the angelica being an excellent tonic and carminative. They remove the outer rind of the young stalks, cut them into pieces three inches long, and blanch them in boiling water; lay them on a sieve to drain and put them into a syrup made of clarified sugar. Then boil them until aqueous vapor ceases to ascend, and leave them to dry on a sort of wooden frame in a cool stove. The Laplanders think the angelica one of the most important productions of their soil. It grows wild there, and they eat both the roots and stem raw with butter. The root of the first year, before the stem has shot up, they call "utrus," and this they declare to be the best medicine for preserving health to a very old age.

LOBSTER BISQUE.—Meat of a large lobster, four cups of milk, one cup of pounded cracker, one quart of boiling water, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one quarter teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Salt to taste. Cut the lobster meat small, put it into a pot with the boiling water and simmer five minutes before adding seasoning and crumbs. After these let cook ten minutes and stir the butter. Meanwhile heat the milk in a farina kettle with a tiny bit of soda. Let the buttered mixture in the pot almost reach a slow boil, remove from the fire, put in the milk and turn instantly into the tureen. Pass crackers and sliced lemon with it.

CREAM PICKEREL.—Clean a large fresh fish, leaving the head on, lay it at length in a dripping pan, score the back almost to the bone in four places, and pour a cup of cold water about it. Bake, closely covered, except when basting with butter and water, twelve minutes to the pound. Baste at least six times. Remove the fish with care to a hot water dish, strain the gravy from the dripping pan into a farina kettle; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, rolled in one teaspoonful of corn starch, and as this boils a small cup of cream, in which has been dropped a bit of soda no larger than a pea. Heat until scalding hot, stir in a tablespoonful of minced parsley, boil up quickly, pepper and salt to taste, and pour over the fish.

RED RASPBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One quart of prepared flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one and a half cupfuls of milk, two eggs, whipped cream, one cupful; cream the butter and sugar, beat in the whipped eggs; the milk, and lastly the flour; bake in a square or oblong pan; when cold, cut it in three pieces, cover one with red or yellow raspberries, sprinkle with sugar, lay another third on this, more berries and more sugar, then the final layer; sift sugar on it, and spread thick with the whipped cream; stick the finest berries thickly in the snowy capping, and send around liquid cream to eat with it. You will admire and enjoy this dessert.

POTATO OMELET.—Take six good-sized potatoes, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of butter and a little pepper. Peel the potatoes and put them into boiling water. When they have been boiling for fifteen minutes, add one teaspoonful of salt. As soon as cooked drain and mash well. Add one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, the butter; then add four well-beaten yolks, mixing well. Rub through a colander. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan. Put in the potato, smoothing it over. Fry it a light brown color, double, and serve like an omelet.

A VERY ECONOMICAL DISH.—Line a pudding-shape all through with thin slices of bacon. Take some boiled spinach, seasoned and chopped as if for table. Cut some carrot and turnips into square pieces, and a few small onions if liked; whip up the yolk of an egg with a little pepper and salt. Mix the carrots and turnips well with the egg and seasoning, stick them thickly alternately at the bottom and round the sides of the tin, and fill up the middle with the dressed spinach. When the tin is full cover it with thin slices of bacon, steam it one hour, turn it out in a corner dish, and lift up the bacon whilst you pour some rich brown gravy, then replace the bacon neatly.

LAMB POT-PIE is delicious at this time of year, made exactly after the recipe for veal pot-pie and from the breast of lamb. For a very rich crust for any pot-pie rub into two pounds of flour half a pound of butter, put a quarter-pound of butter into a half pint of milk and let it dissolve over the fire, but not boil. Mix it with the flour, gradually until you form a stiff paste, and while still warm mould into the crust. As most pastry has to be made ice cold in summer, this way is a novelty. Do not roll out the crust, but work it into a cone with your right hand above and your left hand underneath the paste-ball.

The devil is too much of a gentleman to stay where he is not welcome. Why does he stay in your heart?

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A school for training nurses is to be established in Japan under charge of a lady from Boston.

ANY man looks like a sloven with run-over heels. Lyon's Heel Stiffners keep boots straight, 25c.

First in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric; rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms but no roots.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

STEWED LAMB AND PEAS.—Have the bones taken out of the under side of a shoulder of lamb and bind into a good shape with tape. Cover the bottom of a pot with chopped salt pork, stew with minced young onion, lay in the meat and pour in a quart of weak broth made from the extracted bones and other trimmings. Cover closely and stew tender. Take out the lamb, unbind it, and keep hot, covered, over boiling water. Strain the gravy left in the pot, return to the fire with two quarts of green peas and cook until they are done, strain and lay about the meat.

A Remarkable Cure of Scrofula.

William S. Baker, of Lewis, Vego County, Ind., writes as follows: "My son was taken with Scrofula in the hip when only two years old. We tried several physicians, but the boy got no relief from their treatment. Noticing your SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, recommended so highly, I bought some of it of you in the year 1862, and continued taking it till the sores finally healed up. He is now 21 years of age, and, being satisfied that your medicine did him so much good when he used it, we want to try again in another case, and write to you to get some more.

The great mass of mankind can only gaze and wonder; if they undertake to think, they grow listless, and soon tire out.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

To have a beautiful bed of flowers try Chinese pinks. They are of all colors, and when a bed of such pinks is made by sowing seeds of all the varieties the contrast of colors is very striking.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the best and, intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor axle grease. Try it.

Independence is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

When you have tried everything else in creation for that bald head of yours, you will probably tumble to the fact that Carboline is the only Hair producer that will do the work properly and well.

We commonplace fellows seldom cut a very inspiring figure in duels with the woman who thinks.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Isinglass or rice water makes delicate starch for muslins.

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WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address NEUSTAED Tick & Co., 81 Mercer St., New York

Warranted the most perfect Force-Feed Fertilizer Drill in existence. Send for circular, A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delays from business, tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office 821 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2722 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M., and Sundays.

GIVEN AWAY! To introduce them, Ocean Weed Heart Remedies can receive for the same in postage stamps to pay mailing and wrapping, large parlor engraving of all "OUR PRESIDENTS," size, 22 by 28 inches; worth $5. Also some one in this community should send at once for our $1.00 Sample Package of our newest and best selling book now published, "The Lives and Graves of Our Presidents." Hundreds of copies can be sold here. Address Eldon Pub. Co., 284 Wabash Av., Chicago.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1,000 patients cured in all parts. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

ASTHMA CURED! German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

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G has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex.

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Pimples, Blotches, Scaly or Oily Skin, Blemishes and all Skin Diseases Cured and Complexion Beautified by Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents by WM. DREYDOPPEL, Manufacturer, 208 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes. Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

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JONES HE PAYS the FREIGHT 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for $60. Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A Danish clergyman named Hanson has made some experiments relative to the growth of trees. Regarding the latter, Mr. Hanson has made daily measurements of a number of trees in the garden of the institution, and has convinced himself that a period of growth in length, as represented by the branches, twigs and tops, alternates with another of increase in bulk—that is, in the circumference of the trunk—followed by a third period of equipoise or rest. In April and May the entire force of the tree was expended in lengthening the branches, while the thickness of the trunk remained stationary; all through May the most exact measurement failed to discover any increase of bulk; but in June, until the middle of July, when the new twigs had been all formed, it was the trunk that absorbed the nourishment from the roots, and bulged out. Then came the period of rest and inactivity.

Scientific men have been perplexed for many years over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. A Russian merchant in 1829 began to dig the well, but he gave up the task three years later, when he had dug down thirty feet and was still in solidly frozen soil. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences dug away at the well for months, but stopped when it had reached a depth of 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from these data it was estimated that the ground was frozen to a depth of 512 feet. Although the pole of the greatest cold is in this province of Yakutsk, not even the terrible severity of the Siberian winter could freeze the ground to a depth of 600 feet. Geologists have decided that the frozen valley of the lower Lena is a formation of the glacial period. They believe, in short, that it froze solidly then, and has never since had a chance to thaw out.

The Bolletino Mensuale of the Central Observatory, published by the Italian Meteorological Society, for February, 1886, gives among numerous interesting articles an account of the International Congress of Hydrology and Climatology to be held on October 1 next at Biarritz. It gives the programme of studies prepared for this important scientific body. Persons wishing to attend and take part in the Congress should address its General Treasurer, Visconte de Chasteigner, at Biarritz.

A new star has arisen in the firmament of ladies' lawn-tennis, in the person of a Miss Dod, of Rockferry. Lately this young lady, who is only fifteen years old, carried off the West of England Championship for Ladies, beating Miss Watson, who is the Champion of All England in the final tie by 7 to 5 and 6 to 4, without giving her a chance. If she goes on like this, by the time she is twenty, Miss Dod ought to be able to beat all the men out of the field.

German engineers have succeeded in diminishing the swaying of locomotives, and with it the wear of the rear driver flanges, by making the tender coupling more or less rigid laterally, and indeed, four-wheeled locomotives have been used on some roads for line engines by having heavy shoot bolts on each side entering sockets on the tender—in this way preventing either vertical or horizontal swaying.

Some experiments made to ascertain the cause of iron rusting or oxidizing have led to the conclusion that this cannot be due to the oxygen of the air, unless dissolved in the water which is in contact with the iron; even carbonic acid when dissolved in water will produce rust, which dry carbonic acid will not do.

The Weaker Sex

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

There are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

Startling Weakness,

general and nervous debility, impaired memory, lack of self-confidence, premature loss of manly vigor and powers, are common results of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked should address, with 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

It isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs;—therefore use the great anti-screfula, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that man can be guilty of.

If you feel as though water was gathering around the heart (heart-dropsy) or have heart-rheumatism, palpitation of the heart with suffocation, sympathetic heart trouble—Dr. Kilmer's OCEAN-WEED regulates, corrects and cures.

In every woman's soul is reared a house of love, and man may dwell therein if he can find and keep the key.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

RICE WAFFLES.—Two cups of milk, one cup of cold boiled rice, three eggs, one scant tablespoonful of lard, one even teaspoonful of salt, one cup of prepared flour, a scant one. Melt the lard and beat into the rice, adding the whipped eggs when you have a smooth paste, next the sugar, the salt, the milk lastly the sifted flour. See that the waffle irons are perfectly clean and dry, then grease well with salt fat pork before baking.

THE disadvantages of the ordinary system of setting milk in shallow pans for raising cream are that a longer period elapses before the skimming is competed, too much space is required, and in summer the milk becomes sour before the whole of the cream is raised.

Hall's Hair Renewer always gives satisfaction, and is indorsed by our best physicians.

As a stimulant to the stomach, liver, and bowels, the safest remedy is Ayer's Pills.

Dress, so far as respects neatness and cleanliness, is of great importance to the first impression we make upon others.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

MISS EMMA HARTMAN, Allentown, Pa., says: "My blood was very thin and watery, and I became weak and languid. After using four bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters I am entirely restored to health and strength, and cheerfully recommend it.

MRS. M. W. SALE, 515 S. Pine St., Richmond, Va., says: "My little boy was suffering from a very serious attack of blood poisoning and the doctor not benefiting him in the least, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters. Two bottles cured him, although his blood was in a terrible state. It is certainly a great tonic and purifier and I heartily recommend it.

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One of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease, and is in constant danger of Apoplexy, Shock or Sudden Death! This Remedy regulates, relieves, corrects and cures. Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's DISPENSARY, Binghamton, N. Y. Letters of inquiry answered. Guide to Health (Sent Free). Sold by Druggists.

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We have never handled a catarrh remedy that has increased so rapidly in sales as Ely's Cream Balm or that has given such universal satisfaction. — C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., New York City.

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We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it is absolutely unequalled. The influence of the blood upon the health cannot be over-estimated. If it becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little (?) ailments" are the premonitions of more serious and often fatal results. Try

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A Skin of Beauty is a joy Forever. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Manager, 48 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Simms's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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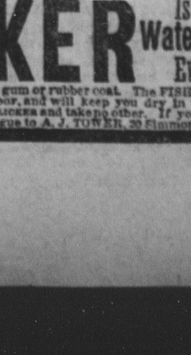

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$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER, Holly, Mich.

ORGANS The most beautiful and finest toned in the world. Low prices, easy payment. Send for Catalogue. Address Weaver Organ & Piano Co., YORK, PA.

JAY GOULD'S WALL.

A PHILOSOPHER WHO TELLS MEN'S CHARACTER FROM THEIR FENCES.

The Inclosures of Prominent Men, and How They Tell What the Owners are Like—A New Method of Character Reading.

A week ago I was as all unconscious of the social value of fences as the fiercest person who searches this column of fence lore. A little visit to an artist friend who makes his home on the crest of the hill that reaches down to the Hudson, back of Irvington, first opened my eyes. The hundreds of millions of dollars that live along this hill have made even the fences significant. The wooden or iron or stone barriers that border the road all tell of the characters of the owners as plainly as if the rich men had come out and written them in the dust. At least, that is what my artist-philosopher friend said as we drove past the beautiful villas, and he ought to know.

Take Mr. Jay Gould's fence, for instance. Knowing the man as you do, what would you expect to find? A flimsy structure that would let half the cows of the neighborhood stray into the grounds, or give wandering tramps an opportunity to drop in and call on the little great man? Well, hardly. You know that of all the fences that shut in those acres of smiling lawn and shaded woodland that stretch in country homes for miles and miles along the Hudson, there is no stronger fence than his. There is no need to tell you that. You know it already, even though you have never seen his country place.

TO SHUT IN MILLIONS.

The fence is built as if to shut in millions. Its broad stone sections, closely cemented, show not the smallest crevice through which any of the outside world can penetrate. The stone coping that crowns the whole sheds the rain just as its owner shakes off the envy of those about him, and the thick masonry, strong as a prison wall, seems to keep out everything of sympathy and of affection. It is too hard climbing for these gentler virtues to get over the fence. And then, as if to crown the whole, a thick hedge rises behind the wall and selfishly shuts out from free view the beautiful grounds and the river below. But not all selfishly. In one place a great tree has grown just in the line of the wall, and so that the tree may not be harmed the solid fence takes a sudden dip around it, making a charitable V, with the tree in the middle, and then continuing in the same straight line.

Massive square gate posts guard the two entrances, and the gates are of severely plain timbers, heavy enough to do duty as battering rams. There are two lodges, too, one at each gate. Past one of these the public is usually allowed to drive, to see the grounds. The other is the private entrance, and is always jealously closed. The public can go just so far and no further. That is what Mr. Gould's fence is like. Couldn't you have guessed it?

Only a few doors from Mr. Gould's place Mr. Jaffray, the dry goods man, has built up a fence to stand between himself and the outside world. It is just such a good, substantial, Presbyterian sort of fence as you would expect from a self-reliant business man. No show there, no pretense, nothing of the kind. A low, smoothly finished stone wall, just to let people know where the lawn ends and the road begins. There isn't much foliage in the way, and from the road one can see far back, after the manner of places that have nothing to hide. On the side he has left an old-fashioned wooden paling standing, a fifty-year-old fence, such as we all used to climb and swing on years and years ago when she was with us still—she with her young eyes that somehow have never since been matched. But that was long ago, and really hasn't very much to do with Mr. Jaffray's character as shown in his fences. Only a very successful man could afford to let such an old fence stand as the one at the side of the house, but with his independent principles he doesn't mind.

THE MOST ARTISTIC FENCE.

Tiffany, who runs his fingers through heaps of diamonds as carelessly as another dips water in his hands, and whose eyes have learned to look only on the pretty things of life, tells all this to the veriest passer-by who cares to look at his fence. Next door to the stone church, and only a short distance from Jaffray's home, anybody can tell that those broad gates lead up to the home of one who is at heart an artist. There is no striving after effect, no straining to make an impression, and yet the entrance is perhaps the most artistic of any that tempt one along the road. Double gates of real rustic work—not the factory made stuff—invite you in, and overhead a kind of canopy reaches from post to post and forms a graceful arch. A paneled rustic fence, with each panel different from the other, tells of a character not afraid of innovations, and a suggested carelessness about the place makes it look homelike, as if he really lived there and did not keep it for show alone.

Driving slowly homeward while the shadows were purpling on the hills across the river, the substantial wall that shuts in the Harper place seemed all in sympathy with the quiet of the hour. The lawn comes clear down to the edge of the bank of masonry, and here and there creeps over it as if they were the best of friends. Daisies are not afraid to grow there, and between the crevices they peep out boldly as if they knew they would not be disturbed. Conservative and English as the careful head of the great publishing house, the wall with the banked-up earth reaching to its very top, solid as the rampart of a fort, has yet something of friendliness about it, and I really believe it is the only place for fifteen miles about where a tramp would dare enter and ask for food.

And now having learned so much fence lore, let me give just one more picture and you shall guess at the character yourself. A fence built of big, round bowlders, so large that two of them reach above your waist, with a mass of greenery growing over all, making it look more rustic than it really is. An artificial rustic gate, made in the shops, a gate of boughs and twisted roots, turned by machinery and not by nature. Over this queer wooden gate, that tries so hard to be natural, sand has been sifted until it glistens in the sunlight as if it were of iron. So you can take your choice and call it iron or wood, or anything you please, and yet be right. The strip of turf that runs down to the roadway is kept scrupulously neat, and the bravest daisy that ever lifted its head to the sunlight wouldn't dare show itself in such a painfully out-of-the-way place. That is Mr. Field's fence.—T. A. Dunckа in New York World.

Copyright on a New Word.

The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph has applied for a copyright on its new word, "abscoot," which it thinks is far better than abscond, and conveys a clearer meaning. "A bank president," it explains, "may go off on a leave of absence and drift away to foreign shores with great deliberation, and, his accounts being short, be termed an absconder. But the cashier who jumps aboard the lightning express and strikes for Canada is an abscooter, from scoot, to side out; ab, from." Welcome "abscoot."—Exchange.

WANTED TO BE REDUCED.

Turning Hopefully to a Tricycle to Get Back Her Figure.

A young man went spinning up Riverside drive on a wheel, swung to the left at the semi-circle, made half a dozen sweeping gyrations, like a buzzard setting on a bough, and alighted astraddle of his backbone—that is, the backbone of the wheel—so near the retaining wall that a little more momentum would have sent him head foremost over it. It all looked graceful enough to indifferent stocks and scions of old families rolling by in their victorias, carts and drags, but the young man's hair had hardly settled back into place when a barouche stopped beside him and a sweet voice said:

"Will you be so good as to tell me, sir, where I can buy a tricycle?"

The young man of the wheel gasped twice when he brought his eyes to bear upon the speaker. Age 35, more or less. Tender-eyed blonde. Crimson cheeks. Dimples. Roll under the chin. Diamonds. Black satin. Yellow gloves. Bracelets. French heels. Coachman. Footman. Skye terrier. Weight say 245 pounds.

Two hundred and forty-five pounds spinning up Riverside on a summer afternoon, mercury 100 degrees!

"I want something to reduce me," continued this fairy. "Don't you think a tricycle would reduce me? Are they hard to ride? I wonder how long it would take me to learn? I see you ride a bicycle. I couldn't do that very well, but I do so much wish to get a tricycle—that is, if it will reduce me. What do you think about it?"

"I—a—really—I—a—think it might reduce one. But, pardon me, madam, I—a—don't think that you—a—need reducing."

This gallant lie brought to the surface three smiles and a roll of the head.

"Oh, I must be reduced. I am resolved upon it. Why, I used to be so slender, willowy, as they call it. I've tried everything to get back my shape, but all in vain, as you see. No more flattery, if you please. It is wasted on an ugly, old, fat woman. But where can I get a tricycle? I ride horseback every day, but it doesn't reduce me one bit."

"No! I should think it would—a—reduce the—a—horse somewhat."

"Oh, it does, it does. He is nothing but a pack of bones," cried the fairy's companion. Age 19. Brunette. Tailor-made suit. V-shaped shirt bosom. Enamel stud. Standing collar. Juno complexion. Smiled at everything to give her pretty teeth a fair chance. Didn't require reducing.

"I am rather too heavy for poor Bucephalus," chimed in the fairy. "Do tell me about the tricycle."

"Madam, go down to Blank's, in Fifty-eighth street, ask for Jones, hire a pair of wheels for an hour and take a spin up Riverside, just to see how you like the sport."

"Oh, thank you ever so much. I shall do that. Are you riding every afternoon? I think I shall be on my tri—my wheels, as you say, to-morrow. I do hope it will reduce me. It ought to do it. Good afternoon, sir, and thank you so much for your kindness."

The barouche with its fair burden rolled away. The wind came swirling up the road, lifting clouds of dust; other vehicles dashed by the young man of the wheel; a New York Central freight train rattled along the track below; a sprinkling cart spurted and squirted in the semi-circle, but above all the din there sounded one word in a tone hopeful, if pathetic—"reduced."—New York Tribune.

The Influence of Verbatim Reporting.

We may not have the equals of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, John Rutledge, Webster, Clay, Calhoun or Prentiss, but as a whole the congressional orator of to-day is far superior to that of the near or distant past. Verbatim reporting has proved a great injury to congressional oratory. In the olden time the senators and representatives would listen to those who were speaking with the attention of assemblages of trained critics.

When verbatim reports of the debates were made and printed, these congressional listeners were no longer to be found.

A senator or representative who had carefully prepared himself would, as he commenced his speech, see his audience engaged in every other way than listening to his accents. Some would be in groups chatting, others would be reading newspapers or books, and the rest inditing epistles or directing public documents to their constituents. It would be difficult for him to say what he had intended, were there not another stimulus by which his tongue and his patience were rendered inexhaustible—the reflection that although his words were falling lifeless upon the ears of his ostensible audience they would be read by attentive constituents at home. It is to them that speeches in congress have been addressed since the introduction of verbatim reporting. Congressmen who were noted for their eloquence upon the home stump have floundered through written platitudes at the Capitol, often prepared for them by some journalist for a stated compensation.—Ben: Perley Poore.

Dealing with Tramps in England.

Not a few citizens of the United States hold the belief that the species "tramp" of the genus "homo" is not only indigenous to this country, but is confined to it. A greater mistake could scarcely be made. The tramp in England is not only quite as ubiquitous as in the United States, but the cause of a constant drain upon public funds which nothing but long habit could make a sorely taxed community acquiesce in. Not to the chance and not over tender mercies of a police station, or the draughty and dog haunted shelter of a farmer's barn, is he compelled to trust when the early autumn frosts begin to render the gate of the field an insufficient protection from cold o' nights. Then the "casual ward" of the poor-house opens its doors to receive him. Wherever one of these monuments to the much enduring charity of the English nation rears itself, he can claim a comfortable bed of straw and a meal of honest bread in the morning. But tacked to these privileges which makes the lot of the English tramp such a happy one are three conditions, the inevitable enforcement of which disliketh him. He must take a bath, he must discard his natural rags and don a clean night robe, and he must break so much stone or pick such a quantity of oakum before he is free of the street again.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Labouchere Says of Gladstone.

With regard to the lofty religious spirit with which Mr. Gladstone approaches his tasks, Mr. Labouchere has recently said a good thing. I should preface it by remarking that even when he is wrong, as his enemies say he always is, they allow that before deceiving others he begins by deceiving himself. "He would be a bad man," says Labby, "to play poker with, for when you thought you had him he would produce four aces from up his sleeve. It is not so much having the cards in his sleeve that I would object to, but to the fact that he would swear they were put there by a divine dispensation."—T. P. Gill, M. P.

In Praise of Judge Hilton.

A woman, in a letter from Saratoga, tells us that without Judge Hilton society there "would indeed be without its leader." The writer adds: "His park is the finest in the country, his horses and equipages are unsurpassed, his hotels are unequaled, and his advent means that the Saratoga season has opened."—Exchange.

IN LONDON TOWN.

"RUHAMAH" TAKES A PEEP AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

London Dwellings and Their Dingy, Stuffy Interiors—Looking Through a Gilded Lattice at English Statesmen—Duchesses in the Park—Royalty.

Liverpool never holds the passenger long, and it was just as grimy and noisy as it was eight years ago, when I ate a last matutinal muffin and marmalade there and sailed away to the westward and home. One finds changes in London, however, in that same time, and the changes are not in all cases agreeable. One's old landladies, and in them old landmarks, are swept away, and to find comfortable quarters is now the greatest difficulty. Every American berates the building plan of London houses, and in a search for rooms for expected friends at this crowded season I have seen more dingy, stuffy, shabby interiors than I could have believed were hidden behind the walls of city streets.

All America seems to have rushed to Europe this year, and from every place on the continent comes the same word that the United States have never been so largely represented before. At Gillig's American exchange on the Strand there is a mass meeting of compatriots every day and all day long, and they stand in line before the little postoffice on the great mail days. The success of this exchange makes one wonder however the Americans got along without it before Mr. Gillig set up the flags and eagle and bade his countrymen welcome. The exchange is the general center and meeting place of Americans, and comprises everything within its walls. There is a bank on one floor, a postoffice on another; there are reading rooms where you find the latest papers on file, a ladies' parlor, a tourists' bureau, where you can buy excursion tickets to the end of the earth, and accompanying guidebooks, and a department of ocean service, where you arrange with every transatlantic line.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I had a look at the house of commons on Thursday, the day before it was prorogued. That brilliant young Irish member, Thomas Power O'Connor, and one of his shamrock colleagues were the ones to guarantee that the group of Mr. Gillig's friends had no dynamite about them and to effect our entrance. Since the explosion in Westminster hall no one is allowed to enter that wing of the houses of parliament unless accompanied by a member, and the dynamiters succeeded only in ruining some fine old stained glass windows, depriving sightseers of a great pleasure, and giving the few who do gain entrance uncomfortable sensations during all of the time that they are present. Accustomed to the broad corridors, the open galleries and the free swing of our own Capitol and houses of congress, the precautions and passes and countersigns and checks needed to carry us through seemed almost farcical.

We were separated as in a Quaker meeting, the men of the party being marched off and shown into one gallery, and the ladies led up an endless lot of back stairs and into a box about twelve feet square, whence we peered through a gilded lattice at the mighty house of commons far below. The members sit on leather-covered benches around what would hardly make an ordinary county court room at home. Half of them had their hats set squarely down on their heads and over their ears, in a good conservative style, and the speaker, whom we could not see from our screened gallery, was described as something magnificent in a big wig and gown. The speaker of the house of commons cannot leave his seat, they say, during sessions, and has to sit there from beginning to end. How would our busy, restless speakers of the house of representatives at Washington stand that, with no chance to slip down to the restaurant, or out to a committee room, or away during sessions?

DUCHESSES IN THE PARK.

As to the duchesses in the park, we saw them all the other morning when there was a meet of the Coaching club, and twenty four-in-hands went round and round the drives. All the world was out, and it was such a bright, sunny June morning as only blesses the height of the London season. About all the visiting Americans were to be met in the park, and their comments on British beauty and the average English woman's taste in dress would not have edified the icily erect women in the endless string of open carriages. The beauties could not have been out that day, nor any one's best gowns. Not one woman that rode by could compare, in face or toilet, with a certain Baltimore girl that stood by the rail and watched the spectacle. The Princess of Wales and her daughters were there, and the carriage full of royal highnesses bowed graciously this way and that in recognition of the uncovered heads around them.

The princess, as well as her daughters, were simply dressed in black gowns, for all the court is in mourning, for the mad, sad brother of Bavaria, and dress is regulated by edict, and the largest dry goods stores make the most profuse displays of black and white, gray and purple goods. It startles the American greatly to see the princess looking quite as young as her three great grown daughters, and Alexandria is far more attractive to any eyes than those three fair, fresh-complexioned, heavy-looking young girls with her. The three young daughters are strangely like the youthful portraits of Queen Victoria, and the dull, bland, heavy looking eyes that distinguish the royal grandmother make the family resemblance unmistakable.—"Ruhamah" in Globe-Democrat.

The Morphine Habit in France.

The deplorable habit of using morphine, not to relieve pain, but for the pleasurable sensations the narcotic produces, seems to be spreading in France, in spite of the warning note uttered by medical men, and the terrible consequences that must follow upon the use, or rather abuse, of the drug. During the hearing of a case at Macon recently, the facts that transpired corroborated the assertion made by doctors as to the alarming tendency which prevails. A chemist residing in that town was prosecuted for selling morphine without medical authority to a number of persons, among them being the wife of a doctor, who, quite unknown to her husband, consumed it daily, and in large quantities, by injecting it under the skin. In the course of the trial several physicians came forward to attest that the pernicious habit of morphine injections was spreading greatly—especially among women, to the destruction of their moral and physical health. One of those witnesses—attached to a large hospital at Macon—affirmed that more than a dozen of the day nurses were regularly addicted to the use of morphine, in one shape or another, and habit with them had become a second nature. It is, however, in Paris—and especially in the fashionable world of Paris—that, if all we hear be true, morphine causes the most serious havoc to mind and body.—London Telegraph.

Horseshoe of the Northern Pacific.

At one point on the Cascade branch of the Northern Pacific the railroad describes a horseshoe, which is two and a quarter miles around, and only 1,500 feet across the hill at the open end of it.

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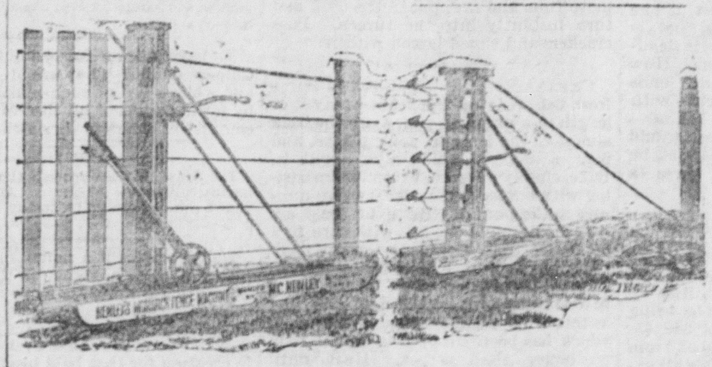

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HENLY * MONARCH * FENCE * MACHINE
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2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

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COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 29th day of July A. D. 1886, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of August next, being the 23d day of Aug. 1886, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of 23d day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 23nd day of July in the year of our Lord 1886, and the one hundred and tenth year of the Independence of the United States. W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff

Blank tax receipts and tax notices to be had at REPORTER office. tf

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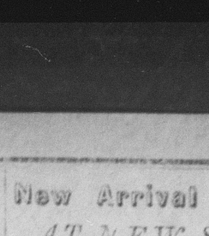

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The loudest and most piercingly shrill whistle of its size made. Can be heard up to one mile. The exact size of a 50 caliber U. S. Government Rifle Cartridge. Made of burnished brass with nickel bullet. Invaluable as a signal to teamsters, farmers, sportsmen and all who wish to attract attention at a long distance. Call your men to dinner with it! So attractive, a little nerdy that every one who sees it wants it. You should have it. To introduce our full, expensive, and interesting catalogue of guns, knives, novelties, and useful articles, we will send this whistle and catalogue by mail, postpaid, for only 25 cents in stamps. Address RENNIE & ALLISON MFG. CO., 705 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

SEVEN WONDERS.

1st. Everybody wonders how it is we can manufacture A COMPLETE ANIMAL BONE PHOSPHATE and sell it at the low price of $25 per ton, in new bags delivered free on board car or boat at Philadelphia.

2d. Farmers wonder how we discovered just the proper combination of elements required to produce the needed results at the lowest cost.

3d. Those who use Baugh's $25 Phosphate, appreciate its value as a crop producer, and wonder why anyone believes the spiteful and jealous competitors who attack and vilify by false statements, in order to sell their own goods.

4th. Farmers are the best judges, they use the fertilizers. They know and freely testify to the wonderful results obtained from the use of Baugh's Celebrated $25 PHOSPHATE.

5th. The rapid and wonderful growth of its sales, in every section of the country, is another powerful evidence of its true worth.

6th. Others wonder what Baugh's New Process is that enables them to furnish $25 RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE. There is nothing mysterious about it, it is simply A PROCESS OF PERFECT ECONOMY, the result of combined practical tests of farm, factory and laboratory, accomplished through a long experience.

7th. The Seventh Wonder is greatest of all—why other makes, that are offered at low prices, do not become popular like the OLD RELIABLE, ACTIVE and PERMANENT BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE.

☞ The sun and substance of the whole matter is: Baugh's $25 Phosphate is second to none in Crop Value.

ESTIMATED VALUATIONS VAST AND ARE IN A GREAT MEASURE EXAGGERANT.

We have our own Laboratory at the Delaware River Chemical Works, and two Chemists constantly employed there working out scientific theories, and our practical knowledge gained by about 40 years on the far m and over 30 years as manufacturers of fertilizers.

Original Succeessors of RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE. Combined capacity of our Works, 75,000 tons per year, and still increasing.

BAUGH & SONS
Manufacturers and Importers,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

TRADE MARK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY.

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

☞ For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

TRADE MARK.

GENUINE MERIT
IS SURE TO WIN.

We believe the **RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE** has real, genuine merit. It is this faith which has led us to put our money into it so liberally. We have put more into it than money—money could not buy the fair name we have gained by twenty years of honorable business dealing right here on Market St., Philadelphia, and yet so great is our faith in the Russian Rheumatism Cure that we are willing to stake our reputation on it as a safe, speedy and permanent cure for all Rheumatic troubles. Could we offer any better guaranty of good faith? Others besides ourselves have tested its merits, and add their hearty and unequivocal endorsement.

We send to all who ask it a pamphlet containing much of such testimony. And yet if you have Rheumatism, why suffer one day longer than is necessary. It costs only $2.50 to be cured, and while you are making up your mind to try it you might be made well. The

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

has saved every Rheumatic sufferer who has given it a fair trial. It is for you to decide whether or not it shall cure you.

Price $2.50. { If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 100. more. }

One box does the business.

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None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

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819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

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MAGAZINE RIFLES.

MOVEMENT IN FAVOR OF THEIR USE AMONG EUROPEAN NATIONS.

France's Response to Germany's Recent Action—Experiments Made in the United States—What European Nations are Doing—The Austro-Prussian War.

The cable dispatch that the French government has ordered 60,000 repeating rifles to be distributed among its troops by the end of this month has an interest for this country as well as for all European nations. It was shrewdly said not long ago that after the end of the next great war every government would want magazine guns; but it now looks as if very few governments will be willing to wait for the next war. The present act of France is spoken of as a reply to Germany's recent arming of her Alsace-Lorraine regiments with repeating arms; but both countries have long been experimenting for this purpose, and indeed it is obvious that if France had not already begun to provide herself with such weapons, an order to distribute 60,000 of them in so short a time would be preposterous. As a fact, the armory at St. Etienne altered its tool plant some time ago, with a view to making magazine rifles on a large scale. There have been many efforts to change the Gras into a magazine arm, the Robin system of conversion being one, while among other plans experimented with have been the Paris and Sturla, which utilizes to some extent parts of the Gras action.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

Magazine arms in the United States have not thus far achieved complete success in the tests to which they have been submitted by the government, although their ultimate superiority can hardly be doubted. Not long ago, issues of two leading magazine rifles were made to a certain number of organizations throughout the army, in many regiments and departments, and trials of them were made in competition with the Springfield single loader. The commanding officer of each detachment making these trials drew up a report of the results, with his comments thereon. It was found that in a large majority of the reports the existing single breech loader was preferred. Nevertheless, the principal faults noted in the magazine arms were such as can be remedied by mechanical improvements or by a careful training of the men in their use. The brief report of Gen. Benet on the trials, rendered a few months ago, declared that he believed that a magazine gun would eventually be adopted, but that the time had not yet come for it.

Meanwhile in Europe the movement in favor of the new system has been going on and has already practically been pushed to success. We find the troops of Sweden armed with the Jarman, a magazine rifle of unusually long range. Austria is preparing to substitute for her somewhat inferior Wernöl rifle the Mannlieber, which has a removable magazine, and avoids the faults of weakness, complexity, and costliness sometimes found in such weapons. Russia has been kept back by the great cost of converting into repeaters the multitude of the arms with which her arsenals are loaded. Switzerland is supplied with Vetterliu repeaters, as the little state needs to make the most of her forces.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

Germany has converted Mauser single loaders into a magazine arm on a system which attracts the criticism of the experts upon several grounds, and no doubt justly, but which, after all, has the great advantage of being cheap, of using the rifles already in the hands of the troops, and of being manipulated in a manner already familiar to them, so that there is little or nothing to learn. France has armed her navy for some years with the Kropatchek repeaters, but has been looking for a modification of the Gras for her land troops. Possibly it is the Kropatchek that is to be issued in such haste to 60,000 troops of the line; but it is reasonable to suppose that some one of the many proposed modifications of the Gras has been chosen, and the required changes made. England several months ago ordered the issue of magazine guns for experiment, and now will be spurred on by the decision of Germany.

In short, the lesson of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 is not forgotten. Then the needle gun, in the hands of disciplined troops, carried all before it. Now all nations have abandoned muzzle loading small arms for breech loaders, and the next step is repeating or magazine arms. No doubt we shall see a general rush to follow the lead of Germany, although the previous action of Sweden and Switzerland had been little heeded, since no nation will be willing to become a victim to a more efficient weapon in the hands of its enemy.—New York Sun.

Dennis Kearney, the Sand Lot Agitator.

Dennis Kearney is now 41 years old, and is described as a short, heavy-set, rugged-looking person, with fair complexion, light hair, very low forehead, eyes set far back in their sockets, altogether presenting an extremely Hibernian appearance. He is ten years older than when he suddenly developed from an industrious drayman into a fiery socialistic agitator. He resides on Santa Clara street, in this city, in a home worth some $5,000 or $6,000. His present occupation is keeping an employment office, to which he adds some attention to real estate matters, and the selling of ship and railroad tickets. It is claimed that he neither drinks nor smokes, and "has not a lazy hair in his head." Before he took to draying he followed the sea, performing his first labors in the way of an independent self-support in Neptune's service. Of course, Mr. Kearney is both blessed and cursed in this community. At one time he certainly wielded no little power.—San Francisco Cor. Cleveland Leader.

A Peculiar "Beauty Contest."

We have not heard of a more peculiar contest than that between two young women who work in one of the cotton mills in Lewiston. It was a competition for the palm of superior beauty. Both of the young women are red cheeked and buxom. One of them is married. Each of them is old enough to be satisfied with the verdict of her husband or sweetheart. The vexed question arose in the forenoon, but its settlement was left over until after dinner, when each had had sufficient time to "fix up." An extra ribbon or two and gay jewelry adorned each. The most winning, look-at-me smiles were displayed by each. The hands in the mill decided the question. The girls were placed side by side and everybody, from the back boy to the overseers, looked at the girls critically, with the eye of an art connoisseur, and rendered his decision fearlessly. The damsels made it a most serious matter. With them it was no joke, as it was to the critics on beauty. Pretty eyes filled with tears more than once and cheeks flushed red with chagrin.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Aniline Oil as an Anesthetic.

Physicians are now using aniline oil as a local anæsthetic when simple operations such as the opening of a felon are to be performed. The finger, in such a case, is dipped for a short time in the oil, and although the flesh may subsequently be cut to the bone it is said there is absolutely no pain.—Chicago News.

THE LINDSAY'S BRIDAL.

In blithe London Town
Ne'er such bridal was known
As this of Earl Colin the Lindsay so gay;
O'er the Border, in sooth,
Never came bonnier youth,
And the king's self shall give the fair lady away.

The bridemaids and bride
Are here in their pride,
But why ere the rite this long pause and delay?
'Tis for Colin they wait—
The "Light Lindsay" is late:
The bridegroom forgotteth his own marriage day!

The envoy was meet,
And the bridegroom is fleet,
He stands at the altar in bridal array;
But what lacks he now?
Why this cloud on his brow?
The ring that should make her his Countess for aye!

Oh, a ring's easy found
'Mid the guests standing round!
And a borrowed ring served on that strange marriage day;
But when spoke was the oath
That united them both,
She looked on the ring, and she fainted away.

'Twas a ring with a tomb
And a legend of gloom,
And she wist that to death she was wedded that day.
They cheered her amain:
But, alas, 'twas in vain!
And she drooped and she died ere a year was away.

—Jetty Vogel, in Chambers' Journal.

A MAGNIFICENT PROCESSION.

The Kunstlerfest at Berlin—The Return of Victorious King Attalus.

The Kunstlerfest h been arranged in connection with the art exhibition now being held in Berlin, and the scene of the gorgeous Grecian carnival represented was the spacious park which surrounds the exhibition buildings. The spectators to-night numbered several thousands, and included all the leading figures in the Berlin art and literary world, as well as in society. The pageant represents the return of victorious King Attalus to Pergamus, in the midst of a vast train of warriors and captives and a jubilant populace, the welcome of the hero by the priests of the Olympic temple, who led him up to the altar, the sacrifice to Minerva, and finally Olympic games and popular festivities.

The festival was opened at about 6:30 o'clock. A sudden fanfare announced the approach of the procession, and stirring marches from Beethoven and Gluck were played as it advanced. First came the gray bearded council of elders, attired in robes of scarlet and white. A troop of musicians and a motley crowd of common people followed, with soldiers carrying garlands on their spearheads, captive Syrians, Parthians and Jews, and an escort of Nubian archers. Then came the trophies of victory, borne in cars drawn by gayly caparisoned horses. A train of battering rams, slings and other implements of war succeeded, and then the oxen and lambs which were to be sacrificed to Minerva. Captive warriors and women, with cars of maidens bound hand to hand, came next, and a number of camels and asses laden with spoil. Priestesses clothed in crimson robes, captive kings mounted on chargers, and the royal bodyguard preceded the quadriga on which King Attalus rode. This was the chef d'œuvre of the spectacle, and hearty cheers arose as the four white steeds drew the triumphal chariot along. An array of generals and dignitaries, mounted guards and athletes, closed the royal procession.

In the classic triangle that fronts the temple the king was met by a train of priests and priestesses, and after being hailed as a victor he was conducted to the altar. Here there was a dialogue between King Attalus and the priestess of Minerva, after which came the sacrifice to the goddess. The victor placed his crown and sword upon the altar, fresh incense was burned, and the sacrifice began, a troop of priestesses, with garlands of flowers, meanwhile encompassing the altar. Finally the statue of Minerva was borne round the altar, and then, amid the reverent homage of the vast populace, which had meantime crowded upon the steps leading up to the terrace, the figure of the protecting goddess was elevated high above the burning sacrifices. Garlands were heaped upon the altar, and the priestesses bowed themselves to the ground. The king proclaimed the emancipation of the prisoners, and the scene closed amid the clash of arms, the plaudits of the people and the liberation of doves, emblems of the peace which had been consummated.—Berlin Cor. London Times.

Railroad Men and Their Philanthropy.

Mr. George I. Seney gave $450,000 to the Wesleyan Female college and Emory college, of Georgia. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt gave the Vanderbilt university, at Nashville, Tenn., more than $1,000,000. John Hopkins, who gave some $8,000,000 for the cause of education and charity in Baltimore, accumulated most of it from the earnings of his railroad stock. Ex-Governor Leland Stanford's gift of $20,000,000 to the University of California, on the grounds of fabulous beauty, "the beautiful, sweet Palo Alto." William H. Vanderbilt gave $35,000 to the Virginia university; to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city, $500,000; to the Museum of Patriotism, Washington, $150,000. Col. John W. Garrett has given annuities to the "Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor," and other charities, representing a basis of more than $1,000,000. Col. Thomas A. Scott, just before his death, gave the following amounts to the following institutions: To Jefferson Medical college, of Philadelphia, $50,000; to the Orthopædic hospital, of Philadelphia, $50,000; to children's department of of Episcopal hospital, of Philadelphia, $25,000; to University of Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia, $50,000; to Washington and Lee university, of Virginia, $50,000.—Public Opinion.

Milk for Children in Summer.

Among the tenement population, where ice is scarce, milk in summer fit for the tender stomachs of infants must be seldom attainable, and there is reason to believe that much of the cholera infantum which swells the summer mortality is due to the acids which are developed by the decomposition of milk. But this is only part of the evil. Despite the use of ice and the most pervasive cleanliness, milk is apt to sour upon the hands of the retail dealer, and even in transit from the dairy. To prevent this, attempts are made to preserve it with chemical compounds, including, as Dr. Bartley shows, a substance known as rex magnus, composed of boric acid, borax and common salt.

The effect of the continued ingestion of these chemicals is to produce irritation of the kidneys and livers of adults; upon those of children their influence must be yet more severe. How the problem of supplying wholesome milk for infants in tenements through the torrid days of summer is to be solved, we do not pretend to say, but parents can at least take special precautions, to the extent of their ability, to keep the milk fresh, by constant scouring of vessels and bottles, and as cool as possible.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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The stock is all new and personally selected from the leading Eastern and Western furniture centers.

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REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed, and remain filed of record in the Register's office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county on Wednesday, the 25th day of August, A. D. 1886 for allowance and confirmation.

1. The final account of Daniel Brachs, Administrator of &c., of Diana Bracht, late of Gregg twp. deceased.
2. The account of Catherine Rider and James Rider Executors of, &c., of John R. Rider, late of Ferguson twp. deceased.
3. The first and final account of George Alexander, Guardian of, &c., of the minor children of David Lodle, late of Union twp. deceased.
4. The first and partial account of Susannah Crain, Administratrix of, &c., of Benjamin Crain, late of Ferguson twp., deceased.
5. The final account of J. W. Parsons and Sam'l Walkey, Executors of, &c., of J. Steel Parsons, late of Bellefonte boro, deceased.
6. The third and final account of John Garbrick, one of the Executors of, &c., of Martha Cole late of Spring twp. deceased.
7. The account of R. G. Brett, and Wm. C. Hammond Executors of John Brett, late of Ferguson twp. deceased, as filed by R. G. Brett.
8. The first and final account of John B. Gobeu, Administrator, c. t. a. of George Baily, late of Ferguson twp. deceased.
9. The account of James Murray, Executor of the last will and testament of Jane E. Weaver, late of Worth twp. deceased.
10. The account of James M. Miller, Administrator of, &c., of John L. Spiro, late of Gregg twp. deceased.
11. The first and final account of F. A. Shoemaker, Executor of Eliza Mullen, late of Bellefonte boro, deceased.
12. The account of D. F. Taylor, surviving Executor of John R. Taylor, late of Gregg township deceased.
13. The account of M. S. Feidler, Executor of the last will and testament of John Hess, late of Halfmoon township deceased.
14. The first and final account of H. M. Confer, Administrator of, &c., of Sarah E. Young, (late Brown) late of Curtin twp deceased.
15. The first and final account of John W. Gray and W. L. Wilson, Guardians of Sarah Alice Gray etal, minor children of Martha P. Gray, late of Half Moon twp, deceased.
16. The supplemental account of Alfred Jones, Executor of, &c., of Wm. G. Myers, late of Philipsburg boro, deceased.
17. The account of James A. Sweetwood, Guardian of Wm. S. Searfoss, a minor child of Margaret Searfoss.
18. The account of Michael F. Hess, Administrator of, &c , of Sarah Hess, late of Harris, twp, deceased
19. The final account of W. J. Thompson, Administrator of, &c, of Robert Lee, late of Potter twp, deceased.
20. The account of Hon. Samuel Franck, Administrator of, &c, of James Stover, late of Miles twp, deceased.
21. First and final account of Daniel P Rishal, Guardian of Hattie T Lanich, (now Hattie T Stover,) minor child of Jacob Lanich, late of Penn twp, deceased.
22. The first and final account of Dr M Stewart, Administrator of, &c, of Wm Stewart, late of Snow Shoe twp, deceased.
23. The account of Samuel F. Ishler, and D W Meyers' Administrators of, &c, of John Meyers, late of Harris twp, deceased.
24. The account of Samuel F Ishler, one of the Administrators of John Meyers, late of Harris township, deceased, for proceeds of Real Estate under order of the court.
25. The final account of J W Gephart Administrator de bonis non cum testamento annexo, of James Logue, late of Harris twp, deceased.
26. The account of H R Curtin, Administrator of, &c, of Joseph McMeen, late of Bellefonte boro, dec'd.
27. The final account of S A Woods, Executor of Eliza W Woods, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

JAS. A. McCLAIN, Register.

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Rheumatism.—One bottle of Keller's Catarrh Remedy will demonstrate that it will cure you, whether the attack is acute or chronic. It reaches the seat of disease, the blood, and effects a cure every time.

A TOWN DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Vienna, August 13.—The Hungarian town of Sillien was destroyed by fire. Four hundred houses were burned, among which were a church, a nunnery and a handsome school building. About 1,800 are rendered homeless.

Clipped from "Canada Presbyterian," under the signature of C. Blackett, proprietor: I was cured of oft-recurring bilious headaches by Burdock Blood Bitters.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 30, 1886.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 50 a m
"	"	Montandon		5 36 a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 55 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		7 08 a m
"	"	Renovo		9 25 a m
"	arr at	Erie		5 15 p m
NEW YORK EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 20 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 20 a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 15 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 00 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 20 a m
"	"	Montandon		1 24 p m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 20 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 — p m
"	"	Renovo		4 40 p m
"	"	Kane		9 25 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 05 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 40 p m
"	"	Montandon		5 34 p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 00 p m
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		4 20 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 27 a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 23 a m
"	arr at	Renovo		12 20 p m

EASTWARD.

SEASHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 05 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 50 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 15 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 20 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACC'N	leaves	Renovo	4 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 20 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 30 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 45 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundy.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 45 p m
"	"	Renovo	11 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 55 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 20 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail Eastward West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	6 40	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50
1 45	10 29	6 55	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
1 55		7 05	Lichtl	8 50		5 25
2 03		7 12	Vicksburg	8 43		5 18
2 10		7 18	Mifflinburg	8 38		5 05
2 30		7 40	Millmont	8 18		4 48
2 40		7 50	Laurelton	8 12		4 42
2 45		7 59	Coburn	7 23		3 45
2 55		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 30
4 15		8 10	Rising Spring	6 00		2 12
4 27		8 19	Penn Cave	5 48		2 00
4 40		8 27	Centre Hall	5 36		1 45
4 50		8 34	Gregg	5 45		1 32
5 04		8 45	Linden Hall	5 36		1 18
5 13		8 52	Oak Hall	5 28		1 08
5 20		8 58	Lemont	5 20		1 00
5 27		9 05	Dale Summit	5 12		1 52
5 40		9 14	Pleasant Gap	5 02		1 33
5 50		9 25	Axemann	4 51		1 25
6 00		9 35	Bellefonte	4 40		1 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.30 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.00 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7.50 p m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
Receive Deposits and allow Interest;
Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities;
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—AND—

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Farm Implements

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

—A four-story brick block on South Eutaw street, Baltimore, occupied for storage purposes by C. H. Beebe, wooden ware manufacturer, and also by W. B. Clotworthy, commission merchant, and Smith, Hanway & Co., manufacturers of giant powder, was destroyed by fire on the 2d. The total loss is $55,000, covered by insurance. A fire in the National Stock Yards in East St. Louis on the 2d did damage estimated at $30,000.

—Great damage was done to property throughout the Wyoming Valley by a storm on the 1st and 2d. Many buildings and bridges were swept away, and roads were washed out. James Harris was drowned near Plymouth.

—In Baltimore on the 2d, Henry Martin, aged 19 years, and John Connell, aged 32, were suffocated in a well. They were at work on the well on the 31st ult., made a bet as to the depth of the water. They got into the bucket and went down, when a groan caused those above to haul the bucket up. When they reached the surface both were dead. No test had been made before they went down as to the foul air below.

—Alexander Connaughton, a young farmer, visiting Cincinnati, became drunk on the 1st, and, being accosted by a policeman named Haines, ran away. Haines pursued, and Connaughton showing fight the policeman shot him in the neck, making a fatal wound.

—There is a serious epidemic of typhoid fever in Pittsburg. In the Twenty-fifth Ward are 121 cases, many of them of a dangerous type. Five new cases and three deaths were reported on the 2d. Five new cases of fever have been developed in West Elizabeth, and two or three cases are said to be quite critical. Doctors McCrew and Welch were reported ill.

—According to a telegram from Charleston, South Carolina, "later reports show that only a small part of the rice crop in Georgetown county is lost, and the accounts of distress are believed to be exaggerations,"

—James A. L. Whittier, a lawyer of Boston was on the 2d, arrested on a charge of embezzling bonds, stocks and other securities to the amount of $125,000, which he held in trust for Mrs. Harriet D. Reed.

—A member of the firm of Gilleer & Malum in Chicago, on entering his store oh the 31st found on the floor a large dynamite bomb. The fuse had been lighted but in falling had struck on the end and put out the fire. Mr. Malum says he cannot account for the attempt to destroy his place. The front of the English Baptist Church in St. Clair, Penna., was blown up by dynamite shortly before daylight on the 31st ult. The outrage is believed to be the outcome of a contest between the Law and Order Society and violators of the liquor law.

—A market train on the Lebanon Valley Railroad, Penna., ran into a washout near Derry Station, on the 1st. Engineer Stanton was killed and Fireman Koons fatally injured. At Horton, Michigan, on the 31st ult., Stephen Decker, a farm hand, and the two small children of T. A. Granger were riding on a dump-board, when the horses became frightened. All three were thrown out and the children were hurt by the fall, while the lines caught Decker's foot and he was dragged some distance. Decker and one child are not expected to survive.

—A boiler in the shops of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at Lansford, Penna., exploded on the 3d. William Lewis was killed, and fourteen others were injured, one, named William Kissner, fatally. Another of the injured, Reno Weis, had both eyes blown out.

—A fire at Gun Lake, near Scottville, Michigan, on the 1st, destroyed the saw mill of Barkee, Cooke & Co., with 350,000 feet of lumber and seven cars owned by the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad. The total loss is estimated at $80,000, the insurance at $20,000. J. L. Spencer & Co.'s carriage manufactory, in Oneida, New York, was burned on the 3d, with the lumber yard adjoining. Loss, $30,000, covered by insurance. A fire in Baldwin, Michigan, on the 2d, destroyed the Exchange Hotel, two saloons, the Townsend House, Court House and jail and two stores. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $16,000.

—John Graney, 19 years of age, dived from a bath house near Laconia, New Hampshire, on the 31st ult., and striking the sandy bottom, broke his back bone. He died on the 2d.

—Thomas Finnegan, David Shanahan and Noyes S. Thompson were arrested on the 3d, in Chicago, on the charge of complicity in the robbery of $15,000 worth of stamps from the post-office at Minneapolis, on the night of July 8th. Shanahan is Supervisor of the town of South Chicago. Thompson said he received several thousand dollars' worth of stamps from Shanahan, and the latter said he had received them from Finnegan, to sell on commission. Finnegan is said to be known to the detectives as a "handler" of thieves.

—A Utah Northern train, conveying delegates to San Francisco, was ditched by a broken rail on the 2d, and the sleeper was turned over. Nine persons were injured.

—Five children were drowned while bathing near Keosauqua, Iowa, on the d.

—There was a snow fall, lasting five minutes, at Rome, New York, about 45 minutes past four o'clock on the morning of the 3d. An inch and a half of snow fell on the summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, on the 3d, and the temperature was 28 degrees above zero. The races at Saratoga were on the 3d, postponed "on account of the threatening and extremely cold weather."

—Over 1,500,000 feet of pine lumber in the yards of John Irwin & Brother, at Cowensville, Clearfield county, Penna., was destroyed by fire on the 3d. It is supposed the fire was started by a tramp.

—Mrs. C. A. Copsland was arrested in Dexter, Maine, on the 2d on the charge of having murdered her husband in Pittsfield, a few weeks ago, by giving him laudanum. Clay Mays shot and killed a man named Lovegrove in Mason county, West Virginia, on the 1st. Mays had been clandestinely visiting Lovegrove's wife, and when the husband, going home after a temporary absence, encountered Mays standing in his doorway, Mays discharged a revolver at the wronged man.

—Judge Joseph Shields, a prominent member of the bar of Natchez, Mississippi, and author of the "Life and Times of S. S. Prentiss," committed suicide on the 3d. It is supposed his mind was affected by the death of his wife several months ago.

—Samuel J. Tilden died on the 4th at his residence, Greystone, near Yonkers, New York, in the 73d year of his age.

—A telegram from Gainesville, Texas, says the Red river has risen twenty feet since the 3d. The rise swept away and destroyed all the work that had been done on the Santa Fe Railway bridge. An immense trestle work that had been built across the river for use until the bridge should be completed was carried away. One of the boats containing an engine was lost, and a pile driver and engine were carried down the stream and sunk.

—By the upsetting of a boat in the harbor at Portland, Maine, on the 4th seven persons were drowned, namely: J. Wellington Masters, aged 70 years; Jane Masters, his wife; Maud Whitten, aged 12 years; Benjamin Whitten, aged 7 years; Harry Cleveland, aged 7 years; Samuel Cleveland, aged 11 years, and James Masters, aged 9 years.

—William Kessner, one of the injured by the boiler explosion in the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company's works at Sansford, Penna., died making the second death from that cause. Reno Weiss and his son Charles are in a critical condition. The rest of the injured are expected to recover.

—Henry Davis, colored, aged 19 years, was shot dead by lynchers in McBean, Georgia, on the 4th, for assaulting a ten-year-old girl. Rev. C. C. Haddock, Pastor of the Methodist Church in Sioux City, Iowa, who has been the leader in prosecuting the saloon cases there, was shot dead by an unknown assassin while crossing the street on the 3d.

—John T. Elkins, a State Senator of Colorado, and a younger brother of Stephen B. Elkins, died suddenly at Saluda on the 3d.

The session of Congress was adjourned on the 5th at 4 o'clock, both Houses having adopted a concurrent resolution to that effect, and all the important measures which were sent to the President during the last two days having been signed by him. Before adjourning the House passed the Senate bill accepting the gift of the relics of General Grant. The House was declared adjourned *sine die* by the Speaker without any preliminary remarks. In declaring the Senate adjourned its presiding officer made a few remarks, in the course of which he said: "This session has been distinguished by the great number and variety of subjects which have been considered, and by the marked absence of political controversies. The varied needs and aims of a rapidly growing country have occupied more of the time of the Senate. A short recess will enable you to greet your constituents, and I hope and trust that each of you will return next December with renewed health and strength to your important duties."

—The veterans of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, on the 5th, unveiled their monument on Culp's Hill, at Gettysburg. Col. J. F. Glenn, of Philadelphia, presided. After music, Rev. J. G. Shinn, of Atlantic City, offered prayer. W. J. Wray, of Philadelphia, presented the monument to the Battlefield Memorial Association, Secretary John M. Krautz receiving it. Gen. Alexander Shaler, of New York, who was in command of the brigade during the battle, delivered the oration, detailing the regiment's history. The monument is of Quincy granite, twelve feet high, with the regiment's action in the battle elaborately inscribed on the shaft. It is topped with a pyramid of cannon balls in granite, The exercises were largely attended.

—Lieutenant Edward P. McClellan, of the navy, committed suicide by shooting himself at his father's residence in Brooklyn, on the 5th.

—William Rex was shot dead in a quarrel with a man named Livesey in a saloon in Pierce City, Missouri, on the 4th. The quarrel was about 80 cents due to Livesey by Rex. Higby Fosdick shot and killed his wife and himself in Laporte, Indiana, on the 4th. They had not lived together for several years. They met that night at the request of Mrs. Fosdick, who wished to secure her husband's signature to some papers connected with proceedings for a divorce.

—The typhoid fever epidemic in South Pittsburg and West Elizabeth, Penna., continues without any signs of abatement.

—By the fall of a painters' staging in Danvers, Massachusetts, on the 5th, James Simmons was killed and H. B. Gross fatally injured.

—The business portion of Lagrande, Oregon, comprising 35 buildings, was burned on the 5th. Loss about $100,000.

—A fire in Cincinnati early on the 5th, destroyed a building occupied by Burkhardt, dealer in furs; Volkert, cap manufacturer, and Benjamin, silk hat manufacturer, causing a loss of about $40,000.

—The Democratic State Convention of Kansas, in session at Leavenworth, on the 4th, nominated Thomas Moonlight, of Leavenworth, for Governor, and William Kingman, of Cowley county, for Chief Justice. Resolutions were adopted approving civil service reform.

—The Delaware County (Penna.) Prohibition Convention met on the 5th, in Media, nominated a county ticket and selected delegates to the State Convention. A public meeting was held in the evening, which was addressed by Charles S. Wolfe.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 36th ult., the House bill to increase the Navy was passed, with amendments, and a conference was ordered thereupn. Messrs. Dolph, Teller and Cockrell were appointed conferrees on the Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 2d, the Conferrees on the Sundry Civil bill reported a disagreement, and a further conference was ordered. The Senate then took up and passed the bill reported from the Finance Committee to provide for the inspection of tobacco, cigars and snuff (providing for their exportation to foreign countries without payment of taxes, under rules and regulations of the Treasury Department). After a secret session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 3d, the conference report on the Deficiency bill was agreed to. The vetoed House bill granting a pension to Joseph Romiser was then taken up, and Mr. Wilson, of Maryland, explained that the President had acted under a misapprehension, he having been informed that no application had been made to the Pension Office, which, in fact, an application had been made. The bill was passed over the vetoe by an unanimous vote. A conference report on the River and Harbor bill was presented and agreed to. A conference report on the Sundry Civil bill was agreed to—yeas 27, nays 14. The Senate then, at 20 minutes past ten o'cloek, went into secret session. At 11 P. M., the doors were reopened and the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 4th, a message was received from the President, returning, in compliance with a request of the Senate, a bill granting an increase of pensions to soldiers who lost an arm or a leg in the service. The Senate bill extending the system of immediate delivery of all articles bearing an "immediate delivery" stamp was taken up and passed. The adjournment resolution was discussed, but not acted upon. On motion of Mr. Plumb the House bill to restrict the ownership of real estate in the Territories to American citizens, with an amendment in the nature of a substitute, was passed. It is the same bill and practically the same substitute on which the conference committee failed to come to an agreement. A further conference was asked. Mr. Allison, from the conference committee on the Surplus resolution, submitted the report, which was agreed to without division. The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 2d, the Speaker presented the bill to increase the naval establishment, with the Senate amendments thereto, and Mr. Herbert moved a concurrence in the amendments. The motion was agreed to, and the bill will go to the President for his approval. A further conference was ordered on the Sundry Civil bill. On motion of Mr. Randall a joint resolution was passed extending until August 5th the provisions of the joint resolution providing temporarily for the expenditures of the Government. Mr. Atkinson, of Penna., introduced a bill, which was referred, to prevent the acquisition of real property by corporations. On motion of Mr. Matson, of Indiana, the rules were suspended, and the House, by a vote of yeas 167, nays 51, passed, with a verbal amendment, the Senate bill increasing the pension of soldiers who have lost an arm or leg in the service. The House then adjourned.

In the House on the 3d, the President's message announcing his approval of the Oleomargarine bill was received and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. The conference report on the River and Harbor bill was agreed to, after some "filibustering" by its opponents—yeas, 121; nays, 98. Conference reports on the Deficiency and Sundry Civil bill were also agreed to. Mr. Morrison submitted a conference report on the Surplus Resolution, and it was ordered printed. Adjourned.

In the House on the 4th, Mr. Morrison called up the conference report on the Surplus joint resolution, and after debate it was agreed to, 120 to 63. Mr. Belmont, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the resolutions in regard to the imprisonment of Cutting in Mexico, and they were immediately considered by unanimous consent. Pending discussion the House adjourned.

Dress, so far as respects neatness and cleanliness, is of great importance to the first impression we make upon others.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef	4	@	6¾
Hogs	6¾	@	7¾
Sheep	5¾	@	5
Cotton, Middling	9¾	@	9¾
Flour, Western	$ 3 00	@	$ 5 10
do Pennsylvania	3 50	@	4 25
Wheat, Western White	0 80	@	0 87
do Pennsylvania	0 80	@	0 88
Rye	55	@	56
Oats	39½	@	42
Corn	49	@	51¾
Petroleum	6¾	@	6¾
do refined	8	@	8¾
Butter	12	@	21
Cheese	8	@	8¾
Wool, Penna and Ohio	26	@	38
do N. Y. and Western	25	@	40
do Canada	20	@	37
Hops	6	@	20
Provisions—Pork, per bbl	11 75	@	13 00
Beef Hams	8 00	@	23 50
Lard	6¾	@	7¾
Coffee	8	@	22
Sugar	4¾	@	4¾
do refined	5¾	@	6¾
Rice	6	@	7
Fish—Mackerel, mess	26 00	@	35 00
do bay 1s	31 00	@	35 00
Codfish	3 00	@	5 00
Herring	2 50	@	4 50
Straw—Rye	14 50	@	15 00
do Oats	9 00	@	9 50
Hay—Timothy	12 00	@	17 00

NEW YORK.

Flour, Western	$ 2 50	@	5 00
do Pennsylvania	3 25	@	4 25
Wheat, Western	0 81	@	0 87
do Penny.vania	0 80	@	0 88
Cotton, Middling	9¾	@	10¾
Apples	0 75	@	1 50
Coffee	8	@	22
Sugar	4¾	@	6¾
Molasses	10	@	40
Petroleum	6¾	@	8¾
Clover Seed	10¾	@	11¾
Timothy	2 05	@	2 20

The Fire at Home.

I hear them tell of far off climes,
  And treasures grand they hold—
Of Minster walls, where stained light falls
  On canvas rare and old.
My hands fall down, my breath comes fast—
  But ah, how can I roam
My task I know: to spin and sew,
  And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds;
  Of words that move mankind;
Of willing hands that to other lands
  Bring light to the floor and blind,
I dare not preach, I cannot write,
  I fear to cross the foam
Who, if I go, will spin and sew
  And light the fire at home.

My husband comes as the shadows fall,
  From the fields with my girl and boy,
His loving kiss brings with it bliss
  That has no base alloy.
From the new plowed meadows, fresh and brown,
  I catch the scent of the loam;
"Heart, do not fret, 'tis something yet
  To light the fire of home."

TWO LOVERS AT ONCE.

I loved Dora Merton from the first. Not only for her pretty, brown eyes, wavy, golden hair and trim, little figure, but for her kind heart and amiable disposition as well. You might look the world over, from one end to the other, and never find a girl to compare with Dora, either in point of beauty or sweetness of disposition.

Dora loved me, too. She not only said so, but her every action clearly showed it; and everybody in the town said I was remarkably fortunate—being but a poor, young doctor—to win the love of such a girl, who could have had her pick from the best in the land, as her father was the wealthiest man in all the country round.

About this time Ralph Clayton, a wealthy merchant of high standing, met and lost his heart to Dora, and became a constant visitor at her home. While I was assured of Dora's love and esteem I was positive that her father held quite a different opinion of me, and he soon made it evident that my attentions to his daughter were distasteful to him. Clayton was a pompous man, some half-dozen years my senior, and, on account of my inferior financial position in the world, he always treated me with considerable condescension. One day as we returned together from a visit to the Merton mansion he said to me:

"Conway, I think Dora Merton one of the nicest girls I ever met. She would make a model wife and I am going to marry her. What do you think of that?"

"Why," I replied, while the hot blood rushed to my face, "I think she will never be your wife, because she loves and is engaged to me."

"Oh, that is nothing," he coolly answered; "her father approves of me, and it is plain desires me for a son-in-law. Dora is a very obedient and dutiful girl, and I do not think the old man will have any trouble at all in gaining her consent to marry me."

I had always disliked the man; now I fairly despised him, and it was with a mighty effort that I restrained myself from striking him.

Dora had always been in the habit of meeting me, when I called, under a spreading maple tree some distance from the house. The next day after my conversation with Clayton she met me at the usual place. I told her what Ralph Clayton had said to me.

"Oh, Paul!" she exclaimed, "I fervently pray that my father will not desire me to marry that man. For, Paul, I do not love him, but if my father bids me marry him I dare not disobey. But let us pray that he will not make any such request, for I love you, Paul, only you, and I believe I should die if we were separated!"

I returned to the house feeling every way but buoyant, and passed a restless, sleepless night.

A few days after that I received a note from old Mr. Merton, also one from Dora. The old man in a few words informed me that his daughter was soon to marry Ralph Clayton, and bade me discontinue my attentions to her.

Dora wrote me a tearful little note, returning the ring I had given her, and saying she loved only me, but duty and obedience to her father compelled her to renounce me and marry Mr. Clayton; that she thought it best never to see me again, and closed by beseeching me to forgive her.

Neither of them stated when the marriage was to take place, and I took no particular pains to find out. That night I entered a train bound for a distant town, where I intended to locate and strive to forget the heartless girl, as I then thought her, who had treated me so cruelly.

I did well in my new home, and, though the wound in my heart was past healing, it was not so sore as at first; time in a measure had deadened the pain.

A year or more had gone by, and in all that time I had never had any tidings from Dora.

One night as I sat alone in my office, wrapt in thoughts of the past, a boy entered and handed me a telegram. I lost no time in reading it, and found it to be from old Mr. Merton, and contained these words:

"Dora is very ill and desires to see you. Come immediately."

I did not stop to think over this strange message. I only knew my darling—mine in spite of the past—was ill, probably dying, and wished to see me. I never once thought of her being another's wife. I would go to her of course.

All the bitterness I had felt toward the poor little girl left me, and the love for her that I had partially smothered surged over and through me with renewed vigor.

It was early morning when I started on my journey and the darkness of night was setting over the world when I reached my destination.

No one was at the station to meet me and without losing the time to hire a vehicle, I started out to walk to the Merton mansion across the fields. My way would take me by the old trysting-tree where Dora had met me so often in the happy days of the long ago.

My mind was busy as I walked over the old familiar pathway. I thought of the girl—now probably lying within the pale of death—who had wandered over these very fields, clinging trustingly to my arm and uttering vows of eternal love for me. I thought, too, of the man who had come between us with his accursed gold and parted us forever, well nigh wrecking my life and breaking the heart of poor Dora.

I was now near the old tryst-tree, and in the fast gathering twilight I saw a sight that sent the blood rushing through my veins like a current of fire.

Leaning against the trunk of the tree, clad in a dress of spotless white, I saw the outline of a fragile, female form.

It was Dora. There could be no doubt about that. I knew the graceful figure too well, and the attitude was just the same as she used to assume when she waited for me on the spot long ago.

Yes, it was Dora. She was not so ill then as they had thought her; she had recovered, and had come out to meet and surprise me.

Thus I thought as I rushed on to greet her. There never was such joy as mine. It was so great I often wonder it did not kill me then and there.

I was now close to her, but she never moved.

Uttering many endearing words I seized her hands, which were clasped before me, and attempted to draw her to me.

The hands were cold—oh, so stony cold—and the great, brown eyes had such a strange expression and the face was so worn and white that I released her hastily and recoiled several feet.

"My God!" was my inward ejaculation, "can my Dora have gone mad? Has her illness dethroned her reason?"

Suddenly she turned, and, fixing her great, star-like eyes on me, slowly said:

"Paul, your Dora is dead. You came too late—I died for love of you. Forget me never, oh, my darling! Farewell, farewell," and noiselessly approaching me she pressed her icy lips to mine and disappeared.

Overcome with horror, I found myself in bed at the residence of the old village doctor under whom I had first studied.

He told me that I had been found under the old maple tree in a death-like swoon; that three weeks had elapsed since then, and I had been suffering from an attack of brain fever, and in all that time I had talked of nothing but Dora, ghosts and human cruelty.

When I grew strong he said:

"Old fellow, you have had a tough pull. They came pretty near killing you, as they did Dora, poor girl. She died a short time before we found you. She was calling for you all the time during her illness, and died with your name on her lips."

Commodore Garrison.

Old Commodore Garrison married Miss Randall, of St. Louis, a few years ago, she being then and now a young lady. Her marriage settlement was $1,000,000. The Commodore won his title while commanding a steamboat on the Mississippi. In 1847 Ralston, the California millionaire, was his second clerk on the steamer Convey. In 1849 Garrison killed a well-known Mississippian in a fight, shooting him in the head just in time to save his own life. The family of the man he killed was a very rich and powerful one at that time, and while Garrison did what he did clearly in self-defence, yet he certainly would have been killed by some of the dead man's brothers if he had continued to run on the river. He, therefore, concluded to leave the South, and the California gold excitement breaking out at that time, he went out there, his clerk Ralston, following him. They both made immense fortunes.

Care of Umbrellas.

Umbrellas will last far longer if when wet they are placed handle downward to dry. The moisture falls from the edges of the frames and the fabric dries uniformly. If stood handle upward, which is commonly the case, the top of the umbrella holds the moisture, owing to the lining underneath the ring, and therefore takes a long time to dry, thus injuring the silk or other fabric with which it is covered. This is the prime cause of the top of the umbrella wearing out sooner than the other part. Umbrella cases, too, are responsible for the rapid wear of the silk. The constant friction causes the tiny holes that appear so provokingly early. When not in use leave the umbrella loose; when wet never leave it open to dry, as the tense condition thus produced makes the silk stiff and then it will soon crack.

A STRANGE SIGHT AT SEA.

A Remarkable Marine Combat in the South Atlantic.

The British steamship Humboldt, from Rio de Janeiro to this port with a cargo of coffee, has come up to the city from quarantine station. Captain Grines and his officers relate an account of a marine combat witnessed by them on the morning of June 10. The vessel was ploughing ahead in latitude 13° 25' south, longitude 36° 16' west, off San Salvador, Brazil; when the attention of officers and crew was attracted by a furious commotion in the waters a short distance ahead. As they neared the spot they saw that a terrible combat was going on between monsters of the deep. The sea was lashed into a seething foam. It fairly boiled within the circumference of 100 yards, and myriads of mad white-caps floated away beyond this circle. Moving closely up and slowing down they stopped to watch the battle. It was one to the death. A swordfish and a thrasher had attacked a tremendous sperm-whale. The strength, size, and force were with the broad-backed sperm, that, wheeling round and round as if worked on a swivel, swung its huge tail with mighty power. It would raise itself aloft, clear out of the water, blow spray through its nostrils, and make frantic efforts to annihilate its foes; but science, skill, and manœuvring were on the side of its enemies. The thrasher is supplied with a "sucker" that enables it to stick to whatever it attacks. The tactics adopted by the pair were successful The thrasher, springing upon the back of the whale, clung there, at the same time lashing the unfortunate creature with its tail, actually whipping it to death. The great sea animal, with its most gigantic efforts, was not able to cast it off. There it held and lashed, while the word fish drove its sword time after time into the side of their big antagonist. The waters were dyed with the blood of the leviathan, and in the course of a short time he had succumbed to the effects of the beating and the stabbing, and floated upon the sea a lifeless mass. The vessel, at the termination of the conflict, steamed on its way.

Industrial Training.

There is a lack of industrial training among girls, seen quite as often in families of moderate means as among the wealthy. It is a great mistake that so many girls are taught nothing about the "practical duties and serious cares" of life. "All women," says one, "should have a practical knowledge of manual labor. To know how to cook, sew, care for the sick, etc., should form a part of every thorough education. To attain to a symetrically-developed womanhood, there must be industry, thoroughness in study and work and self-reliance in thought and act."

Mothers, take a little time from the work and worry, or the fashionable idleness of your daily life, and examine the training your daughters are receiving at your hands. Remember you are stamping upon their white souls impressions which will but increase their beauty, or leave a stain which neither time nor eternity can efface. Girls, if the experience of early womanhood has shown you grave defects in your child hood's training, earnest, persistent effort will do much to remedy the evil. Be strong in thought and deed; dare to follow right and your own good sense, whether fashion thus decrees or not.

Cure for Snake Bites.

Writing from the Delaware Water Gap, where poisonous snakes abound, Dr. J. B. Shaw says that he was called to see a child aged 10, female. She was bitten by a copperhead on the foot, about one inch above the middle toes. He saw her in four hours from the time she was bitten. Her symptoms then were: Extreme prostration with nausea; respiration very slow; pulse weak; eyes fully dilated, with a wild look. The foot and leg were very much swollen and purple and very painful. He gave her sixty minims of spirit of ammonia aromat, hypodermically, ordered one ounce of whiskey every two hours, and a large poultice of bruised raw onions to be applied to the foot and to be renewed every hour. The whisky and onions were kept up until the child was well, which was on the third day. The above has been his treatment for the last six years, and he has never lost a case, nor has he heard of a death from snake bite where the treatment has been carried out.

Nothing is beneath you if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable if it is off or away from that.

"You've been sick, haven't you?"

"A trifle—but—"

"Don't be alarmed, I'm not going to advise you to take anything for it."

"Thank you."

"I've been sick myself and I know how it is. People are awfully good and kind and sympathetic, but always will recommend you to take some new medicine."

"Oh, they mean well."

"When I was sick I hit upon a dodge that made it much easier to get along. Whenever a fellow came up and suggested that I should try hypopoponax or something else. I just pulled a bottle on him and said. 'The very stuff I am taking.' He then considered me as good as cured, although he was generally a little disappointed to find somebody else had got his advice in ahead of him."

"Lend me your bottle."

Only a Dream

Only a dream, my darling,
A dream as false and fair!
How it shone in the blossoming flowers,
How it breathed in the wooing air!
It woke with the rising morning,
It blushed in the sunset gleam;
It shed its radiance on the way,
It brightened the hours of every day,
And oh there was never a voice to say,
Only a dream!

Only a dream, my darling;
We were both in earnest, too,
And every word we whispered,
And every glance was true;
How could we know that promise
So rich and strong could seem,
Yet die as the fair frail lilies die
When the east winds mock the April sky?
Only a dream!

Only a dream, my darling;
And you are young and bright,
And life has many a golden prize
Hung dazzling in your sight.
And I—I have worked and duty
With their quiet moonlight beams;
Only just sometimes I pause and think
Of the cup that Love once gave to drink.
And the past and the future I try to link!
Only a dream!

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

Mr. Augustus Wetherby walked up and down his apartment in an embroidered smoking-cap and jacket, apparently absorbed in restless thought.

Each time that he passed the large dressing-mirror he bestowed upon it a glance of criticising satisfaction; and now and then would pause to gaze admiringly into his own eyes, and with his elbows on a level with his shoulders, to gracefully twist the ends of his waxed moustache.

Finally, he took up an open letter from the table, and for the third time perused its contents, which were as follows:

"DEAR GUS—I drop you a hasty line to catch the 6 o'clock mail. Minnie Gray is with us, and I want you to come up without delay and see what you can do in the way of winning an heiress. She is just from boarding school—a simple, unsophisticated girl of 18—and if you enter the field at once I don't see why, with your advantages, you should not succeed in making an impression. If uncle can't spare you from the office before Saturday at least come up then and stay till Monday. In a quiet country house a great deal can be done in that time. I've spoke of you to Minna—judiciously of course—and I'm sure she is already interested in you. She will be with us but a week or so longer, and will then leave with her family for their Western home; so you see there is no time to be lost. I shall certainly expect you on Saturday, if not before. Don't disappoint. Your devoted sister. AGNES MERROW.

"Hum! Aw, well, I may as well go up and see what she is like!" mused Mr. Augustus Wetherby, giving a doubtful shrug of the shoulders. "Old man still living; but won't object to that, if he'd do the handsome thing by me that he did with his other daughter's husband. In fact it would be handy to have him go on making money for a few years longer. It isn't every day that a fellow can pick up an heiress—pretty, too, I think I heard Merrow say. Cousin of his, eh? Convenient to have sisters marry fellows with rich young cousins. Yes, I think I may as well try it on."

On the following Saturday, accordingly, a blonde young gentleman, faultlessly attired, and with a calmly-satisfied and rather supercilious air, boarded the 5 o'clock train for a two hours ride to Verdon station.

He found but two seats unoccupied—one next to a fat old lady with a ticket conspicuously secured on the front of her shawl by three pins, and the other adjoining that of a handsome, well-grown young lady, who was seated alone at a window with a satchel beside her.

Affecting not to observe the first seat, and even ignoring the friendly tug at his coat-tail of the fat lady, Mr. Wetherby passed on, and paused with a half-apologetic glance at the second vacant seat.

The young lady observing this, promptly removed her shawl and satchel, and made room for him.

"Thank you! I hope I am not incommoding you," said Mr. Wetherby, with his most graceful and winning manner.

"Not at all," she answered, raising a pair of bright, frank, eyes to his face.

And then they sat for a few moments silent as the train started.

The breeze, with its inevitable cinders and dust came in strongly at the window, and of course the young lady tried to close it, could not, and equally of course Mr. Wetherby offered to do it for her.

Then they naturally got to talking, the young lady manifested no shyness or stiffness as Mr. Wetherby looked at her smiling red lips and laughing eyes, and noticed her easy, self-possessed manner, he congratulated himself upon having such a companion for the amusement of his brief journey.

She was alone, too, which encouraged him to assume a little protective gallantry.

"Have you far to go?" he inquired, when he had conveniently arranged his satchel and umbrella at his feet.

"Would you call it far to Princeton?" she returned innocently.

So she's going to Princeton, a ride of six hours—and as Mr. Wetherby looked at her bright intelligent face and brilliant eyes, he almost regretted that his journey would be so short.

I ancied, too, from an indefinable something in her look and manner that he had "made a mash," as he himself would have significantly expressed it, and with an inward gratification, set himself to deepen the impression by his most winning smiles, and elegant and fastidious airs.

Besides his admiration of the young lady, he would like to show the people around him that he was somebody.

Just in front of him sat a pale delicate looking lady, who was nervously endeavoring to keep two little children quiet. Their fidgeting and prattle interfered with Mr. Wetherby's conversation.

"Great nuisance, children on the cars," he observed, fastidiously, to his fair companion.

"I don't object to them. It is amusing to observe their funny little ways," she replied good-humoredly.

"When they are good and pretty but children like these little scamps ought to have a special car provided—a sort of cattle box—."

He ended abruptly, as the lady in front turned her head, and, with a sudden flash, bestowed upon him a glance of which only an outraged and insulted mother is capable.

"Good gracious! I hope—I did not intend that she should hear me!" said Mr. Wetherby. "However, if people choose to listen to private remarks, it makes no difference."

Then he laid back in his seat, and while his fair companion looked from the window, revenged himself making faces at the baby, which was staring at him over the back of the seat and making ineffectual attempts to grab hold of his gold-headed cane.

The sweet infant at once stared in round-eyed wonder at the unaccustomed facial expressions; but as they became more ogre-like, its little moon-face worked, and it burst into a terrified shriek which started half the sleepers in the car.

"You will excuse my little son, sir," said a voice behind Mr. Wetherby." He is not accustomed to the interesting performance with which you have been kindly endeavoring to entertain him."

And the tall, stalward gentleman leaned forward and took the terrified infant from its mother's arms.

"I think we have intruded ourselves into a family group here," Mr. Augustus Wetherby observed, as he looked uneasily around. "You will be more comfortable on the other side, and able to keep the window open—it being leeward, as sailors say."

The young lady hesitated a moment, but then gathered up her shawl and satchel and crossed over to the opposite side of the car, where were a couple of seats left vacant by passengers who had alighted at the last station.

It was immediately in the rear of a plainly dressed old gentleman who was fast asleep and slightly snoring, with his feet conspicuously elevated.

He had removed his new boots, and encased his large feet in embroidered cloth slippers, which left exposed an ample space of gray yarn stocking, evidently of home manufacture.

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Wetherby, "we seem destined to be unfortunate in our immediate surroundings; but then, one can not always choose one's traveling companions, unless one engages a special car."

There was a gleam of amusement in the young lady's eyes as she glanced from him to the unconscious object of his scorn. He caught it, and was thereby encouraged to go on.

"I really believe the old fellow imagines this to be a sleeping car, or at least that he can indulge in the privileges of one, regardless of the feelings of his fellow passengers. People of his class generally imagine that they can shirk the expense of a sleeping car by making a dressing room of the regular cars. I've a great mind to fire one of those boots out of the window with my cane."

"That would be too bad. You wouldn't do it really, would you?"

"Not if you object. The poor fellow certainly don't look as if he could well afford the loss. But I'd give something for those slippers to deposit in a museum for future antiquarians as a supposed specimen of pre-historic art, and a proof that there were giants in those days. He, he!"

"They certainly are extraordinary specimens of needlework," the young lady observed, eyeing the slippers with grave attention.

"And the stockings! I had imagined that sort of pedal covering to belong to the lost arts."

"They look warm and comfortable, though; and I dare say that is all that he cares for."

"Wonder where he got those marvelous slippers? Dare say that they are the effort of some red-handed, apple-faced daughter, who probably exhibited them at the country church fair as a creditable specimen of high art. Is that red blotch in a middle of a rose or a hollyhock? And the blue dots—what botanical productions do they represent?"

"I should think the first is intended for a bleeding heart," said Mr. Wetherby's fair companion, criticisingly examining the slippers of the unconscious sleeper; "and the blue would probably suggest forget-me-nots."

"Bleeding hearts and forget-me-nots. He, he! Who would expect so much sentiment in a rough old fellow like that? But perhaps, after all, the slippers are a tender gift of a sweetheart—some sallow, smirking old maid, probably—and he's stuck them on his delicate feet, in order to have her image perpetually present with him. No doubt he fell asleep contemplating them, and is at this moment lost in dreams of his loved one."

This flight of fancy so amused the young lady that Mr. Wetherby was thereby encouraged to proceed with his brilliant remarks.

"There are initials on them, I see—P. G.—Peter Grubbs, perhaps. The name would correspond with his appearance—don't you agree with me?"

"I am sure it is very kind in you to take so much interest in that old gentleman and his affairs," the young lady returned, in a cool, quiet way, with her dark eyes looking full in his face. "Fortunately, I can gratify your curiosity. His name is not Peter Grubbs, but Peyton Gray—not very unlike, don't you think?"

"Wh-what!" gasped Mr. Wetherby, staring—"not surely Mr. Peyton Gray of Chesterton?"

"The same. I am his daughter Minna, and I must confess I worked those absurd slippers when I was about ten years old. They were my first attempt at embroidery, as anyone can see. Father never wore them until lately, when, being a little lame, he found them convenient. Mother knit the stockings; he will wear no others."

Mr. Wetherby pale and red by turns listened in silence.

To add to his dismay, Mr. Gray, at the end of his daughter's speech, quietly turned his head and fixed his keen gray eyes upon him.

"Yes, young man," he remarked coolly, "I find both the slippers and socks very comfortable—not but what I should have been sorry to have lost one of my boots."

And without further notice he proceeded to don the latter articles of dress.

Mr. Wetherby sat in dazed silence feeling excessively small, but seeking to comfort himself with the thought that it might be possible so to disguise himself not to be recognized by Mr. Gray and his daughter when he should present himself at Verdon.

Would it not be well to give them a false name at present, and delay his visit for some days?

But while he thus mused in dire confusion of spirit, Miss Minna Gray, turning to him, said, blandly:

"Do you stop at Verdon, Mr. Wetherby?"

"Eh—aw—you take me for—"

"For Mrs. Merrow's brother, of course. She told me yesterday that she expected you. You see, father and I have only run down this morning to meet sister and her family, who were to join us at Cousin Merrow's and all return home together. Let me introduce you to my sister and my brother-in law, Colonel Steele"—turning to the tall gentleman and pale lady, who had been spectators of the whole scene.

"I—I shall be most happy when—when we arrive at the station. At present I must positively look after my valise, as I think we are approaching the station and will have only a minute for alighting."

"Your valise? Here it is under the seat. You see"—with a charming smile—"we could all read the name on it, and that is how we came to know who you were.

The next station was not Verdon; nevertheless, Mr Wetherby, with his baggage, alighted there, and took the next train homeward.

To the inquiries of a friend, to whom he had confidentially communicated his intention of marrying an heiress, he briefly replied that he had seen the girl and did not quite fancy her. And it is observable that on all his traveling trips he is strangely silent and uncommunicative with his fellow passengers.

The First Baby.

A young couple on their journey with their first baby never fail to attract attention.

I saw a little family party of this description the other day, writes a correspondent. The father was a beardless young fellow, with an honest, kindly face and blue eyes that twinkled with pride when they rested on the baby. The mother made a dismal failure at trying to appear matronly, because she was not more than twenty, and I, who have handled nine of my own, could see wherein she lacked the experience she affected.

Baby was a red-faced and not particularly pretty midget, in nainsook, lace, embroidery, tucks, white cashmere and soft flannels.

"Do you think he's warm enough?" asked mamma.

"I hope so," says papa anxiously. "It feels as though there was a window open somewhere in the car."

"I'll have it put down if there is."

"Let me hold him."

"No, no, dear; you don't know how yet."

"Yes I do, Mary. The nurse said to always keep his head up."

"I'm so afraid you'll let him fall."

"Nonsense! You know I wouldn't for a million dollars."

"Well, then sit down where the sun won't shine in his face. There, now!"

"Oh see! His eyes are open so wide! I don't believe they were ever open so wide before."

"I do wonder if he's well."

"Get your doctor book out and see if his opening his eyes so and yawning are symptoms of anything."

"Oh, I guess all babies do."

"Are you sure?"

"I think so."

"It would be so dreadful if anything were to happen him before we got him home."

"Oh, don't speak of it."

"Hold his head a little higher."

"Are his feet warm?"

"See him pucker up his dear little mouth! I wonder if it can be that there is a pin pricking him."

"He'd cry if there was."

"I wonder if he would."

"It's too bad that the poor little thing has no way of letting us know when pins are pricking them or when they have the colic or anything."

"Oh, we always know when he has the colic. He wriggles and screams so,"

"Yes, but he might wriggle and scream for something else."

"I never thought of that."

"One little foot seems cold."

"Rub it."

"I wonder if the jolting of the car makes him sick?"

"We're sitting right over the wheels. We ought to have taken seats in the middle of the car."

"I do hope he's well! Maybe a tiny speck of belladonna would soothe him."

So it was to the end of the journey. Poor babies! They do have a hard time of it!

Jackasses in this Crowd.

A group of lawyers were discussing the late war;

"I was at Shiloh," said one, "and while standing under a smoky sky in a storm of leaden hail beheld the noble Albert Sidney Johnson fight and fall upon the blood-red altar of his country."

"And I," said another," was at the Wilderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave, I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I," said a third, "stood in the fire's front at Gettysburg, when the wild rebel yell mingled strangely with the shriek of the deadly shell that plowed the patriot ranks. I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I, gentlemen," said a lank, seedy, solemn man, with a faded umbrella under his arm, "I was at Jonesboro when shot and shell sped swiftly by in the wagon train and all seemed lost. But I, too, was a patriot, and while I neither fought nor died, I bled for my country—I bled the army mules. Gentlemen. I am a horse doctor; are there any jackasses in this crowd?"

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

THE DEAD SHOT.

Interview with Golden, the Half-Breed.

"Is Mr. Golden, the Indian shot, in?" inquired a reporter.

"Yes, sir, he's in," replied the servant who answered the bell-pull. "Walk in."

After waiting for awhile in the parlor, Mr. Golden made his appearance; the exchange of a few conventional phrases, and the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Golden, where were you born?',

"In Austin, Texas. When I was five years old I left home and went into the Indian Territory, where I lived for nine or ten years, when I came East, and have since then spent most of my time in this part of the country."

"Who were your parents?"

"White Cloud, the great Indian chief, was my father, and my mother was a Scotch woman. For eight or nine years I was a chief of the Black-Foot tribe in Texas and California."

"What name did you go by when with the Indians?"

"I was called Dead-Shot Texas Harry. That was the name my father gave me."

"How long have you been in this city?"

"About eight months."

"Were you ever here before?"

"Yes; several times. About five years ago I came here with Charley Bigelow's troupe as a fancy shot. I remember we showed on Broad street. I came here another time with William F. Cody's Buffalo Bill Troupe."

"Are you a married man?"

"Yes; I married Miss Belle Fitchett, of Fredericksburg, about four months ago."

"What is the most dangerous shot you make with your rifle?"

"Well, about the most dangerous shot is to cut an apple in half with the ball while the apple rests on my wife's head, or perhaps, it is as dangerous to get my wife to hold a match in her mouth and fire at it and light the match. By the way, I'll let you see some of my shooting if you like. Walk out into the back porch."

He called his wife and led the way into the back porch, where it seems, he had been practicing the wood-work around having been considerably plugged with bullets. Handing his wife a match, which she placed between her teeth, he stepped back about twelve feet, and, raising his rifle to his shoulder, fired, the ball striking the sulphur part of the match and igniting it. He then stuck a pin slauntingly in a match stick, and, going through the same procedure as before, knocked the pin out of the match stick without touching the latter. Not yet satisfied, he called for a potato, which he placed on his wife's head. He fired and off went a piece of the potato. He then held his rifle bottom side up and fired, chipping off another good-sized piece of the potato. The performance closed by his splitting an apple-core which his wife held between her thumb and forefinger with a rifle ball. It was amazing the way his wife would stand up before his rifle without flinching. Such confidence (or altruistic faith, as Miss Cleveland would say,) is rarely seen.

When he laid down his rifle conversation was resumed:

"I hear you are going to join one of our churches, Mr. Golden?"

"Yes, that's so. Not long ago, when I was up in Steelton, Pa., with my wife, I attended the Salvation Army meetings and got converted. Since I have been here I have attended the Salvation Army meetings here, and spoke at two of the meetings, but I opposed the use of the tambourine, and kicked against it, and so they said I couldn't speak there any more. Since I have been here I have delivered three lectures—one at Westham Hall, up on Cary street, and two at the Old-Market Hall. These lectures have been on westerh life. I lecture here at Westham Hall (Sunday) at 3.30 P. M., partly on religious subjects and partly on western life. I have been a very wicked man all the first part of my life, but now I want to try and get some little education, study for the ministry, and get sent out as a missionary to the Indians in Texas."

"What church are you going to join?"

"Mr. Wright's church—the Laurel-Street Methodist—and I intend to hand in my name for admission in the Good Templars."

"What are those scars on your hands?"

"Oh, those came from having my hands and thumbs tied up when with the Indians. If I took off my clothes I could show you some scars on my body that would make your eyes stick out."

"I wish you would state in your paper, please," said Mr. Golden just as our representative was leaving, "that there is some fellow in Washington who goes around and pretends that he is Texas Harry, but he isn't, and was born and raised in this part of the country."

Mr. Golden is forty-one years old, weighs 181 pounds, and is five feet eleven inches high. In general appearance he is strong and muscular, has dark hair, high prominent cheek-bones, and a reddish, perspiratory skin. He speaks good English.

His wife is a frail little creature and weighs scarcely eighty pounds.

Law Laid Down With a Revolver.

In a flourishing mining camp known as Chipp's Flat, Sierra county, thirty years ago, the location of the claims and the mining laws adopted thereunder were such that one continuous war of litigation was the result. Two mining companions having conflicting claims, seeing the almost impossibility of settling their disputes by a resort to the District Court, mutually agreed to try their case before a Justice of the Peace and a jury of twelve miners selected from those having river claims on the Middle Yuba. A. S. McMillan, of Minnesota, the banking and express agent of Langton's express and banking house at Downieville, had been elected Justice of the Peace for the township, including Minnesota and Chipp's Flat, in 1853. So it was agreed that he should preside, and the trial came off early in the year 1854 at Chipp's Flat. In order that sufficient room should be had for the parties litigant and their friends the billiard and liquor saloon of Paul Copperas (now living at Snow Point, in Nevada county, just a little east of Minnesota,) was chosen as the most spacious building in town. The trial commenced promptly at nine o'clock in the morning and occupied the entire day. Both of the parties litigant had plenty of money; and each seemed to vie with the other in liberality during the progress of the trial. Lawyers had been provided by each side to conduct the case, and it must be presumed that they felt no interest in putting a stop to the liberality of their respective clients. At all events, frequent recesses of the court were had during that day, of five minutes each, when refreshments would be served, mostly of a liquid character. Justice McMillan was not very erudite in the law; but if there was one thing in which he exhibited great pride it was to be addressed as "Your Honor," while presiding in a case. Anything more familiar than that always roused his ire. The numerous adjournments which the court took this day had more perceptible effect on the presiding justice than on any one else connected with the case, though champagne and whiskey had been freely imbibed all around. Plenty of the substantials in the eating line had also been provided, in order that the case might be determined at one sitting. The testimony was all in at five o'clock, and the counsel had concluded their arrangements a little before nine. Realizing the fact that many thousands of dollars were involved in the suit Mc Millan thought it incumbent on him for the first and last time in his life to deliver a charge to the jury, and did so. By this time the frequent adjournments had produced a marked change in "His Honor." His tongue seemed thick and his utterances had no meaning or special application to the case at bar. Upon McMillan stating that such and such were laws for the jury to consider, one juryman, clear-headed and sober, made this inquiry: "Mac, where do you find this law?" "What is that, sir?" angrily inquired "His Honor." "I simply want to know," replied the juryman, "where you found this law you quoted?" "Dash, dash your soul," replied "His Honor." I'll give you to understand that when I tell you a thing is law, it is law!" Upon this His Honor reached his right hand down to his right hip, where he had a large navy Colt revolver in its sheath, and, drawing it, the juror saw it was no place for him, and he broke for the side door and escaped from the room. As "His Honor" still held the weapon in a threatening attitude, the remaining jurymen thought it would be more healthy to be outside, and so followed the first juryman. Believing the dignity of the Court to be horribly outraged His Honor followed, threatening dire vengance upon the whole jury. The ridge between Chipp's Flat and Minnesota at the time was heavy timbered with pine and fir. There was a flat of about fifty or sixty yards before reaching this ridge and the jurymen, seeing the irate justice making for them, revolver in hand, at once broke for the timber, he following closely and threatening death to each and all unless they returned to the court room. But the jury outfooted the Judge and took shelter among the timber. The jury never re-assembled to render its verdict. The members of the two mining companies in litigation met that night in a spirit of the best humor (in fact, they had been so all day,) talked over the abrupt dispersion of the jury and mutually agreed to divide the mining ground in dispute. And that ended the last litigation on Chipp's Flat.

Drying Tomatoes.

In Italy an extensive business is carried on in drying tomatoes to use during those portions of the year when fresh fruit cannot be obtained. According to the Rural Record, tomatoes are grown for the most part, between rows of grape vines. Sometimes the tomatoes are trained on the lower bars of the trellis to which the vines are attached. The tomatoes are allowed to remain on the branches until they are quite ripe. They are then picked and pressed in bags made of coarse cloth, which allows the pulp to pass through, but which retains the seeds and skins. The pulp is then thinly spread out on cloth, boards, or in shallow dishes, and exposed to the sun to dry. When it has become quite dry, it is broken up fine, or ground, and put into boxes or bags and sent to market. A large part of it is used for soups but a considerable portion is employed as we do tomatoes when preserved in tin or other cans. It is soaked for a few hours in warm water, and then cooked in the ordinary manner. There is a great prejudice against canned tomatoes, many being unwholesome. The acid juice which they contain unites with the solder of the tin cans and forms a disagreeable compound.

The Work of Cameo Cutters.

When a cameo cutter is ready for work he draws on the white surface of the stone with a lead pencil the design which he intends to produce in the cameo. He then follows the outlines with a diamond, and cuts away the white parts outside.

If the stone is small he cements it on the end of a stick; if large he holds it in his hand and proceeds to work upon it with fine drills.

He sits at a table like a sewing machine table, and by a treadle works a small lathe situated at his right. At his left is a frame filled with drills made of steel wire and of all varieties and shapes.

The ends of the drills are covered with diamond dust ground in olive oil. The dust is obtained by crushing uncut diamonds by blows of a hammer in a small steel mortar.

The cutter has placed before him a picture or a model of the subject to be made. Everything then depends upon the correctness of his eye and his artistic instincts. The work is inexpressably slow, but when completed it is marvellously perfect.

Truth, being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundation; but falsehood, being built on the sand, if you proceed to examine its foundation; you cause its fall.

MODERN BALD-HEADS.

A Wig-Maker Thinks That the Louis XIV. Style Will Soon Come Into Vogue.

"Bald-headed men don't wear wigs now as they once did years ago," sadly said a wig-maker to a reporter recently. "They don't seem to care if they do show a sleek, clean plate, especially the married men and confirmed old bachelors. They look upon the absence of hair as a badge of intelligence or conspicuous popularity. May be they are right, but our profession doesn't think so. Our principal customers are actors and women. The latter cannot stand the slightest trace of baldness, and are willing to pay well for a fine wig. Many women in society wear wigs, but they are so well made and matched in color to the natural hair that detection is improbable. Human hair is cheaper and in more demand than formerly, hence there is no necessity for anybody going through life baldheaded. I deal in all parts of the United States, and after an experience of forty-five years I received an order three weeks ago for two wigs for negroes. They were the first of that kind within my recollection. They wanted them curly or kinky.

"Fashion repeats itself, and my impression is that within the next decade the powdered wigs of Louis XIV. will come into vogue. They had style in those days. The head was the center to dress from then, and a cavalier made an imposing appearance. Now a big walking-cane and a high collar constitute the modern cavalier. Bald heads must go. Even Cæsar wore a crown of leaves to hide his baldness, but those parquet bachelors have lost all pride."

My Farmer Friend.

See here, my farmer friend, says M. Quad, let me give you a few facts. The average farmer shortens the services of his lumber wagon one year by leaving it out in the sun and dew. His plow would last one year longer if kept painted and sheltered. For the want of a little attention his harness wears out only half its days. His barns and sheds go to rack for the want of paint. Where the hoof-rot could be stopped in the first sheep if he were posted, he stops it in the thirtieth. The farmer who gets his agricultural hints from the almanac loses his hogs by cholera, his fowls by the pip, and his horses slobber from his gate to the village store and back. Let a man run your farm on business principles and the fence corners would not take up four acres out of every forty; there would be no old box-drains about the house to bring typhoid fever and doctor's bills. Those leaks in the roof of the barn would not spoil three or four tons of hay next year; the want of an eave-trough on the house would not cave in the cellar walls; the first sign of disease among the live stock would be promptly treated; tools and implements of every sort should be carefully housed and——

Well I am going to shock you. I'd have the harness oiled and buggies and wagons washed once a week. I'd have a lawn about the house, and make a display of flowers and shrubs; I'd give a party now and then, and I'd encourage meetings of farmers once or twice a month, not to kick about railroad freights or jaw about politics, but to post each other on farm work and the best way to manage it.

But about the boy? Intelligence and energy rightly applied to farm labor would give every farmer's boy a holiday in every week in the year. Let him go fishing or hunting, or swimming or riding. Let him go to town and consult buyers and sellers and post up. Let him have books and papers and tools. Give him a chance to earn something and own something. Surprise him some day by the statement that he is not a slave whose only return for his hard work are slop clothes, cheap fare and poor lodging. Surprise him still more by asking his opinion now and then, and by giving him a chance to prove his theories.

Our best and brightest public men were the sons of farmers, but in too many cases they either ran away or were driven from home. Had they remained they would have never been known outside the county.

The Moss Industry.

Among the diversified industries of Louisiana that of moss is not the least interesting nor least important. New Orleans receives annually about 20,000 bales, valued at say $175,000. Of these receipts some 12,000 bales are rehandled by the city moss gins, and the remainder is sold or shipped in the condition in which it is landed. The forests and swamps of Louisiana are stocked with an unlimited supply of the fibre. That procured from the live oak tree is the better quality. The gatherers of green moss heap it up on piles, wet it and weigh it down with earth or logs, and the heat generated by the decaying bark surrounding the fibre hastens the process of curing, and in two or three months, according to varying seasons, the decomposition is complete. The moss is then turned out and dried, cleaned by hand of sticks and dirt, and baled and shipped. Live-oak moss so cured and carefully cleaned commands readily four cents per pound. In passing the moss through the gins there is a loss of about forty per cent. in weight, but when the black moss comes out it looks as clean and glossy as the finest and blackest hair. The moss is turned out from the gin in neat looking bales, branded according to quality, and shipped in orders all over the country. Its price is not as high as it was a few years ago, various cheap substitutes having been brought in competition with it.

The new comet just announced by Prof. Brooks makes the ninth that he has discovered during the past five years. It is the third comet discovered this year, and with the last one announced in 1885, makes four comets in succession detected by this one observer. The two most recent discoveries of Prof. Brooks were made within four days of each other, and were visible at the same time as the one found earlier in the year. It is the first time, we believe, that one astronomer has had three comets of his own finding visible at the same period.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., AUG. 18, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

China! AT POPULAR (LOWEST) PRICES.

Dry-goods! TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

In Laces AND Embroideries

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte. D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Pay train passed through on Monday.

——Many hogs are dying of cholera in Ferguson township.

——Charles Horner, of Gregg, was a caller at the REPORTER sanctum.

——The latest thing on puns is to pin them down with a clothes pin.

Rev. Leisenring will officiate at Luth. prayer meeting to-night.

——Mr. Daniel Baney, of Penn Hall, moved to Pleasant Gap last week.

——Of late we have had somewhat of a variety of warm and cool weather.

——The frame work of Gingerich's mill, at Oak Hall, was raised last week.

——The Democratic state convention assembles at Harrisburg to-day, Wednesday.

——John Krumbine had an attack of fever from which he has not yet recovered.

——Mrs. James Smetzler, of this place, is seriously ill from an affection of the lungs.

——Wm. Wolf, adm'r, advertises the Fauber property at public sale in the REPORTER.

——Jake Harpster is cleaning up his guns for the squirrel season, which opens legally Sept. 1.

——The circulation of the New York *World* for last Sunday was over a quarter of a million.

——President Cleveland and wife are taking a month's vacation in the Adirondack mountains, N. Y.

——Bellefonte business men are elated over the idea of having large iron works started there.

——Building follows building and before very long the station will be connected with the town.

——Lemont had a big time last Saturday evening, it was a festival, all for the benefit of the Lemont base ball club.

——Tobacco farming is not carried on to the same extent in this valley, and even throughout the county, as in former years.

——John Spangler brought a drove of about seventy head of cattle to town last week. He bought them up in Indiana county.

——Kennedy & Shires received another car load of Henely Monarch Fence machines last week. They are doing a big business.

——Court commences Monday, 23, on which day constables are notified to make their returns, which these officers should bear in mind.

——Kennedy & Shires seem to have a boom on fence machines, they received a car load of Monarch machines, last week, and have places for them already.

——The festival at the cave, on last Saturday, was largely attended. Refreshments, a game of ball, and a hop in the evening were offered for entertainment of those assembled.

——The annual Buffalo Valley camp meeting of the Evangelical church will be held this year commencing Tuesday, August 17, near Swengle station, on the L. & T. railroad, to continue ten days.

——Howard Spangler marshaled a fine parade through Centre Hall one day last week. He was greeted with cheers and was highly complimented on the part he took in it.

——Andy Reesman has returned from his western trip after an absence of about five weeks. He will not take any stock in the west for the present, and besides we would not know how he could be spared here.

——Rev. Leisenring and family are spending several weeks of their summer vacation at the hotel at this place. Rev. Leisenring is pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Lewisburg and is held in high esteem by the people of that place.

——A poor man gave us the most reasonable excuse for chewing tobacco we have ever heard. He claimed when he didn't chew tobacco he got so hungry that he could eat over a loaf of bread at a meal. In an economical sense, his excuse was a good one.

——Prof. Bitner, who was one of the instructors in the Kutztown State Normal spent several weeks in a school up in Massachusetts, brushing up in some of the natural sciences, as he has accepted a professorship of natural siences in the Millersville State Norman. He holds third rank among a large number of instructors.

——This time of the year is a dull season, farmers are busy with their crops and on account of the warm weather no one stirs about more than is absolutely necessary. News items are scarce, so don't cuss the editor when you pick up the paper and look for a lot of new occurrances.

UNION COUNTY FAIR.

The management of the Union County Agricultural Society has passed into other hands. A thorough change of former proceedings is taking place and the determination on the part of the men who have its affairs in charge is to bring it up on a new, vigorous and successful foundation regardless of axpense. The main exhibition buildings will be remodeled and so arranged as to afford the best possible convenience for the display of goods. The stock stalls will be made new and placed on more suitable grounds and every other improvement will be made for the comfort and enjoyment of the people. The President, Hon. Cyrus Hoffa, has not materially failed in any of his enterprises, so with the harmonious co-operation of the executive committee will bring about such a state of affairs that the people will have no just cause for complaint. Of course infallibility of judgement is not set up here, but honesty of purpose and fair dealing will be the rule, and with this principle in view we expect leniency from the people. A much larger amount of money is offered for premiums than ever before, and it is hoped that the people will not drift down into carelessness but keep up a spirit of competition in the way of exhibits. $500 are offered for premiums on light vehicles and $1000 on buggies, etc., in different uses for horses, and aportionate amounts in all other departments of exhibits.

——The buildings for the Spring Mills butter factory are under headway and the parties interested in the same feel confident that it will pay. We hope so, as there is a fine territory around for gathering cream. With its fine water power, Spring Mills is a good point for new industries. Wish we had such facilities up here.

——The Philad. Branch is now selling its summer suits at about cost in order to reduce stock and make room for the fall trade. This presents a first class opportunity to get a suit cheap. Go at once if you are in need of anything in the line of summer clothing, the chances will slip by soon.

——Furniture of all kinds to be had at M'Cormic Brothers, Centre Hall. Their stock on hand is equal to any in the county, and the quality up to the best of home and city manufacture. Any article not on hand will be made to order on short notice. Give them a call if you need an elegant parlor suit or chamber set. They will guarantee their goods to be as represented.

——Don't forget to call at the Philad Branch when in Bellefonte and examine the large stock of ready-made clothing to be seen there. If you want to save from $5 to $10 on a suit of clothes go to Samuel Lewins and you will do it.

——A game of ball will be played at this place on Saturday afternoon with Spring Mills against our team, game called at 3:30.

——Rev. Reoder, former pastor of the Reformed church at this place, and family, are visiting Rev. Groh, at Boalsburg.

—Mr. J. D. Murray has given the ball team permission to use his field adjoining Wolf's grove to play ball in for the remainder of the season. They are under obligations to Mr. Murray for this act of kindness.

——The Methodists at this place have been busy this week cleaning up in front of their church. They have put down a walk, a new fence, porch and steps. Improvements and repairs have also been made on the interior. They expect to rededicate it on Sunday next, Rev. Munroe, of Bellefonte, to officiate.

——In Union county a large number of cattle have died recently from eating too much young clover.

— Mr. John Hefty, the head miller in the flouring mills at this place, spent a few days of last week in Lewisburg and succeeded in capturing one of Lewisburg's fairest as his bride. Accept our congratulations.

——Messrs. Wm. Wolf, D. J. Meyer and Fred Kurtz, represented Centre Hall at Harrisburg. The delegates from this county are George Megaffy, D. C. Keller, C. M. Bower and B. F. Hunter.

——All should hear Walter Thomas Mills, of New York, lecture: Spring Mills, Friday, Aug. 20, at 7½ p. m.; Aaronsburg, Saturday, 21, at 3 p. m.; Rebersburg, Saturday, 21, 7½ p. m.; Millheim, Monday, 23, 7½ p. m.; Centre Hall, Friday, 28, 7½ p. m.; Lemont, Saturday, 29, 7½ p. m. Subject: Political Parties and Public Questions.

PERSONAL.

Miss Emma Aikens, of Bellefonte and Miss Bunnel, of Milroy, were the guests of Miss Annie Odenkirk last week.

Messrs. John Foster and Elmer Weaver, of Aaronsburg, visited Centre Hall on last Thursday. They traveled from home on bicycles and made the distance about fourteen miles over rough roads in something less than two hours.

Oscar Wetzel, of Bellefonte, was in town last Thursday on very important business, we suppose so.

CLINTON COUNTY'S PROTHONOTARY DEAD.

Lock Haven, August 13.—Late last night Letson R. McGill, Prothonotary of Clinton county, died of consumption at his residence in this city. Had he lived until August 25 he would have been 41 years of age. He was a prominent Democrat and held several offices of trust. He will be burried on Sunday by the Masons.

The following is taken from the Cleburne, Texas, *Telegram*:

The latest news from the border sound more war-like but all over the country there are mutterings of discontent as to the tardiness of the general government. We believe that there is a just cause for war, and our people are ripe to meet it. We have faith in the Democracy, we cannot believe that she will prove recreant to her time honored principles. We have confidence in Grover Cleveland, we cannot believe that he is dead to every sense of honor. We have confidence in Secretary Bayard; one who has so long served the people as faithfully as Bayard has, can not afford to leave them now.

THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION.

Washington, August 15.—The President will leave Washington to-morrow for a month's vacation in the Adirondack in the Northern part of New York. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland and her mother, Mrs. Folsom. No mail will be forwarded to him or opened by him during his abscence. Any public business requiring his immediate sonsideration will be brought to his attention by the Cabinet officers.

FOREST FIRES ABATING.

Clearings and the Dying Out of the Wind Prevent Their Spread.

Milwaukee, August 11.—Though the forests in the northern tier of the counties are still ablaze, and are likely to remain on fire until rains quench the flames, the danger to the villages and towns is over, unless heavy gales should sweep down upon them. While not over a dozen of cases of human cremation are reported, it is believed that many backwoodsmen and families remote from settlements cannot possibly have escaped. The fatality to live stock has been terrible. It is estimated that in Calumte, Clark, Marathon and a few adjacent counties are rendered homeless and destitute. Many of these people had narrow escapes from death, having hidden in wells or submerged themselves up to their necks in streams, with wet blankets covering their heads until the fire passed. In some places the fire swoopd down so suddenly upon the people that they barely had time to take their method of safety. In other places the roar of the flames was heard for miles, and the terror-stricken people fled madly before the fire to neighboring villages and towns. The loss cannot even be estimated. Hundreds of homes, dozens of sawmills and lumber camps and millions of feet of lumber are in askes. Acres upon acres of ripening grain were laid waste.

To-night's advices are that the fires are abating considerably by running into clearings and because the wind has died out. Along the valley division of the Chicago, Milwauke and St. Paul railroad heavy rains extinguished the flames. To-day the suffocating clouds of smoke from the burning forests were born by north winds as far south as Milwaukee. On the lakes, near Green Bay, Sturgeon Bay, and even further south the smoke clouds are so dense that the sun is obscured, and vessels experience extreme difficulty in navigating, it being impossible to see 400 feet ahead at midday.

EXTENDING SPECIAL DELIVERY.

The Immediate Delivery System to Become General on October 1.

Washington, August 15.—The Post Master General has issed a circular of information and instruction to postmasters concerning and preparatory to putting into operation on October 1, the act of August 4, 1886, authorizing the extension of the special delivery system, to all postoffices and all mailable matter. The circular provides that every postoffice in the United States and Territories and District of Columbia now established, and which shall be established while the foregoing act remains, is hereby designated as a special delivery office. These regulations take effect Oct. 1, 1886, after which date every postmaster will be held responsible for the immediate delivery of every article of mailable matter which may be received addressed to his office, properly stamped with a special delivery stamp. Such immediate delivery must be made when the article is directed to an addressee residing or having a place of business within one mile of the postoffice. The obligation to so deliver does not extend to an addressee beyond that distance, but the postmaster will be at liberty to make such delivery beyond such limits, and to receive the compensation therefore as in any other cases. It is commended to him as a proper and considerate thing to be done, in accommodation of the sender, whenever it is reasonably convenient. The hours within which immediate delivery shall be made shall be at least from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., and further until the arrival of the last mail, provided that such arrival be not later than 9.

A SEVERE STORM IN BERKS.

Thousands of Dollars Worth of Property Destroyed.

Reading, Pa., August 15.—Reports coming in from the county districts today show that last night's cloud-burst and storm was unprecedented. Many thousand bushels of unripe fruit are now lying on the ground. The streets of Hamburg presented the appearance of rivers. Hundreds of cellars were flooded and wagons and agricultural implements were washed from farm-yards and carried away. West Hamburg rolling mill and Tobias' brickyard were washed out by the storm, compelling the employes to flee for their lives. The embankment along the Reading railroad was washed away, leaving the rods and sills hanging in the air. Corn fields are washed away, leaving not a vestige of the crops, and tobacco fields were riddled. The fruit crops are a total loss. Three barns valued at $12,000 were struck by lightning and destroyed, together with several animals, and the roofs of three churches in the western section of Berks county partially blown off.

DRAWN THROUGH THE ROLLS.

Pittsburg, August 16.—A shocking accident occurred this morning at the steel works of Messrs. Anderson & Depew at Chartiers, a few miles out of the city. One of the workmen while standing in front of the rolls slipped and fell into the rolls. Before his horrified companions could give the alarm his body was drawn into the machinery, passed through the rolls, and fell on the iron floor on the other side. The body was crushed into a pulpy mass and was still quivering when picked up. The name of the unfortunate man was John Cummings. He was 45 years of age.

A CYCLONE AT NEWBURG, IND.

Evansville, Ind., August 15.—About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a cyclone swept through Newburgh, a village ten miles east of this city, in Warwick Co., which damaged property to a great extent. Union Beibell's flour mill was unroofed, Mrs. Clark's residence was blown down, F. M. Curtis' kitchen to his residence was demolished, and Dr. Fowler's house was damaged by a falling tree. It is stated that the storm continued toward Yankeetown with unabated fury. No lives are reported lost. There is no telephone or telegraphic communication with Newburg.

——When you are in Bellefonte, call at the Logan Machine works and see the Little Giant Fence Machine, *price* $40! 18aug4t

MARRIED.

At the Luth. parsonage, Nittany, by Rev. John Brubaker, Chas. Trevillyan and Miss Emma May Markle, both of Hublersburg.

CUTTING'S STORY.

Alleging that He Took Only One Copy of His Paper Across.

El Paso, Texas, August 11.—An American newspaper correspondent, in company with Samuel Field, a well known citizen of Dallas, saw Cutting in jail at Paso Del Norte yesterday. He asked him particularly as to his alleged circulation personally in Mexico of the article complained of, to which Cutting replied:

"Upon going over to the Mexican side on the morning of the publication, I had in my pocket a copy of the paper *El Sentinel*. I entered a corner cafe kept by a friend of mine, and casually handed him a paper, the only one I had. This is all I did, and is the very truth as to the story of my circulating 'great numbers' of the paper in Paso Del Norte."

He then asked Cutting whether he intended to appeal his case to the Supreme Court of Chihuahua. The prisoner replied that his attorney, a young Mexican student, just out of the law school, had determined to do so.

OPINIONS OF BORDER LAWYERS.

Judge B. H. Davis, who owns over one million acres of land in Mexico, and who is a leading lawyer here, says Mexico's position in the Cutting case is clearly wrong, and our Government cannot rightfully recede from the position it has taken. President Diaz is friendly to the United States, and would hate to quarrel with us, but he is peculiarly placed and is being forced into a fight by his enemies of the opposition.

Senor Escobal, one of the ablest lawyers in Paro Del Norte, says that as Cutting circulated his libel in Mexico he violated Mexican law. Mexico will not recede from her position. She is styled a fourth-class power and the United States a first-class power, but she is proud and will not be dictated to as to her laws even by the United States.

EX-MINISTER FOSTER'S OPINION.

Washington, August 11.—Hon. J. W. Foster, who has been our Minister to Spain, Mexico and Russia, says the importance of Cutting's case has been exaggerated. He had taken up a residence in Mexico and sujected himself to the laws of the country. He went across the river to utter a libel, then went back to his Mexican domicile again. Writers on international law do dot agree that under such circumstances a man cannot be tried for an offense committed outside the country. Italy, France and Belgium have legal provisions like that of Mexico, that an offense committed outside the country is punishable within the country. Hence Mexico has some precedent for her claim in this matter. The case is not properly an international one, but should lead to eventual modification of the laws complained of.

With your next order to your grocer, send for a sample pound of Dreydoppel's Borax Soap. You will find it to be the best and cheapest soap you ever used. It is used by the best families in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. aug

A CAPTAIN'S FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

Captain Coleman, schr. Weymouth, playing between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected, and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman family and on board the schooner.

Free trial bottle of this standard remede at all drug stores.

FORTY MINERS KILLED.

London, August 13.—A dispatch from Leigh, Lancashire, states that a terrible explosion occurred this morning in the Woodend Colliery, at that place. One hundred and forty miners were below at the time, and many of them were shockingly burned. Two corpses have already been recovered from the mine, and it is feared that many more will be found. A later dispatch from Leigh says that 40 miners perished by the explosion.

RENEWS HER YOUTH.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, telis the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaints and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50 cents at all drug stores.

86 DEATHS FROM CHOLERA.

London, August 14.—To-day's returns from the cholera infected districts in Italy are: Barletta 111 new cases, 41 deaths; Padua 13 new cases, 3 deaths; Bologna 11 new cases, 4 deaths; Ravenna 29 new cases, 17 deaths; Vicenza 14 new cases, 4 deaths; Brendola 11 new cases, 3 deaths, and 19 new cases and 6 deaths elsewhere. The Austro-Hungarian reports are: Trieste 14 new cases, 5 deaths; Fiume 7 new cases, 3 deaths.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

CLEARING SALE.

——TO CONTINUE THIRTY DAYS.——

Dress-Goods Slaughtered.

A REDUCTION OF 5, 10 AND 15 PER CENT. ON ALL SUMMER GOODS.

Now is the time to secure bargains in Dress-Goods, Shawls, Skirts, Parasols, &c., &c.

Remnants at half price.

Bargains in everything. Call at Wolf's and see for yourself. Don't miss this opportunity to save money when it is so scarce.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed at public sale at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886,

at 1:30 o'clock p. m., the following property, to wit:

No 1 All that messuage or tract of land situate in Miles twp, Centre co. Pa., bounded and described as follow: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Sam'l Strohecker and John Reynolds north 89° west 143 perches to stones, thence by land of John Wagner north 75° west 35.5 perches to a hemlock, south ½° east 19 perches to fallen oak, thence by land of S & H Gratz south 1° west 120 perches to stones, thence by land "supposed vacant," east 40 perches to stones north 80° east 148 perches to stones, thence by vacant land n ½° w 72 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 100 acres and 30 perches and allowance. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, good barn, corn crib, and other necessary outbuildings, also a good steam saw mill.

No 2 All that messuage or tract of land situate in Miles twp, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at an ash or line of the land of the said John Shively s 75° w 56 perches to a birch, thence n 89° w 69 perches to stones, thence s 4° e 140.3 perches to stones, thence n 75° e 65.9 perches to stones, thence north 124 perches to the place of beginning, containing 96 acres and 36 perches and the usual allowance for roads.

No 3 Also all that messuage or tract of land situate in Miles twp, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at stones thence by lands of Wm Wagner, north 89½° west 252 perches to a chestnut oak, thence north 1° west 33 perches to a stone, thence south 89½° west 66.5 perches to stones, thence by land of George Brumgart, north 1° west 77 perches to stones, thence by land of Peter Smull south 89½° east 318 perches to stones, thence by lands of John Smull south 1° east 110 perches to the place of beginning, containing 205 acres and 40 perches.

No 4 Also all that messuage or tract of land situate in the twp, of Miles, county and state aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a birch thence north 70° east 65.5 perches to an ash on Harshbergers line thence north 2° west 10 perches to a spruce tree, thence by land of John Shively north 49° west 69 perches to a stone, thence north 89° west 215 perches to a stone on Levi Brooks line, thence by land of I. Snook south 2° east 78 perches to the place of beginning, containing 25 acres and 24 perches net Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Lawrence Stover.

No 5 All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Central City, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the west by —— Street, on the north by Rev Mattern, on the east by an alley, on the south by Main Street, thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Martha J. Watson and Jos. Watson.

No 6 All those two certain lots of ground situate in Snowshoe twp, Centre county, Pa., known as lots no. 633 and 634 in the plot or plan of the villiage of Snowshoe each fronting sixty-six feet on Sycamore street, and extending back from said Sycamore street, two hundred feet and adjoining lot of James Tobin on the north and lot formerly owned by Jas Gates on the south having thereon erected a store room, dwelling and other outbuildings. Seized taken in execution and to sold as the property of N. Bauer.

No 7 All that certain tract or piece of land situate in the twp. of Walker, county of Centre and state of Penn, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at stones and running south 60° west 71¼ perches to stones, thence north 29½° west 89½ perches to stones along the land sold to Irwin, thence north 61½° east 69.6 perches to stones along the line sold to Dunkel, thence south 31½° east 40.8 perches to stones, thence south 30° east 46.7 perches to the place of beginning along lands formerly belonging to the Hecla Furnace Company, containing 39 acres and 20 perches net measure, being part of a larger tract of land surveyed in the name of Thomas McComing, July 10, 1794, in pursuance of a warrant dated January 16, 1794, excepting and reserving nevertheless the right and privilege of mining, searching, for sinking, for and taking off the iron ore from said tract of land as described and fully set forth in deeds of Lewis Yocum and wife and Henry Yocum, to the said Thomas McQuillion, Sr., one thereof dated December 1, 1875, recorded in Deed Book "S," No. 2, page 199, &c. and the other dated September 5, 1879 and intended to be forthwith recorded. There on erected a 2½ story log house, 1½ story frame house, good barn, &c. also a good orchard. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Lyman T. Eddy, Exr. Cum—Testamento Annexo of Thomas McQuillion, deceased.

No 8 All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Spring Mills, in Gregg township, Centre county, Penn. bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by Mrs. Catherine Bitner widow, on the west by public road, on the south by James Smetzler, on the east by D. P. Heckman, containing ¼ of an acre more or less. Thereon erected a 2½ story frame dwelling house being unfinished.

No 9 Also another tract of land situate in twp. of Gregg, Centre county, Penn. bounded on the north by Thomas Kennely and I. J. Grenoble, on the west by Wm. McCool, on the south by Daniel Kennely, and on the east by a public road, containing 2 acres more or less. No buildings. Seiz-taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George C. Breon.

No. 10. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Boggs township, Centre county, Penn., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by Mary Baney, on the west by lands of McCoy, on the south by lands of McCoy, on the east by lands of Robert Spicer, containing six (6) acres, more or less. Thereon erected a log house and other outbuildings, Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George M. Baney.

No. 11. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land, it being part of a larger tract lying and being in Ferguson township, Centre county, Pa.: Beginning at a white oak corner: thence by land of Jno. Weaver and Jno. Brett north 87½° west 265 perches to stones; thence by land of Michael Weaver north 54° east 73 perches to stones; thence by land of Joseph Snyder south 87½° east 267 perches to a post; thence south 54° west 5 perches to a post; thence north 27½° west 6 perches to a post; thence by James H. Mitchell's land north 51° west 70 perches, to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and twenty-three (123) acres, strict measure. Being part of the tract of land known as the Grossman property, and by sundry conveyances entered on record, became vested in the said David Weaver, reference being had thereto will more fully and at large appear. Thereon erected a frame house, bank barn, wagon shed, hog pen, wood house and other outbuildings. Also, a good orchard about one mile north of Pine Grove Mills. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Weaver.

No. 12. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Bellefonte, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the eastern corner of Bishop street and the old Lewistown road, thence south 23 degrees 20 minutes east, along the western side of said road 268½ feet to a post on land of Patrick Clark; thence along said land of Clark south 79 degrees 40 minutes west 287½ feet to land of John McDermott; thence along said land north 11 degrees 30 minutes west 247 feet to the south side of Bishop street; thence along said street north 79 degrees 40 minutes east 284 feet, to the place of beginning, containing one acre and one hundred and forty-four perches, be the same more or less. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Edmund and E. M. Blanchard.

No. 13. All that certain tract of land situate in Penn township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the west by George Wilt, on the north by lands of Samuel Strobecker, on the east by the turnpike leading from Millheim to Coburn, and on the south by John Braught, containing one-half an acre, more or less. (No buildings.) Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Moyer.

No. 14. All that certain building located in Boggs township, Centre county, Pa., bounded by lands of McKidney's heirs on the east, and Patrick Flinn on the south, on the west by McCoy & Linn & Co., and on the north by John Harper, containing about seventy-six (76) acres. The building is a two-story frame dwelling house 20x30 feet. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Watson.

No. 15. All that messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Lauvertown, Benner township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by public road, on the west by lands of John Schreffler, on the north by lands of Chambers, and on the east by lands of Dunlop Shugert, containing two acres, more or less. Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Abraham Houser.

No. 16. All that certain tract of land situate in the township of Ferguson, county of Centre and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at stones, thence by lands of David Weaver south 18¾ degrees east 109¾ perches to stones; thence by lands of Moses Thompson north 71¾ degrees east 9¾ perches to stones; thence along lands of John and Emannel Houts north 18¾ degrees west 109¾ perches to stones; thence along lands of Musser and Hess south 50¾ degrees west 10 6-10 perches, to the place of beginning, containing six acres and sixty-four perches, net measure. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob Weaver.

No. 17. All that certain tract of land situate in the village of Eagleville, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the west by lands of William Bitner, on the north by an alley, on the east by lands of Susan Graham, and on the south by a public road leading from Bellefonte to Lock Haven, containing one-fourth of an acre. There are erected a two-story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Lydia Graham.

TERMS: No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money be paid in full.

W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., July 28, 1886.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be offered at public sale on the premises near Centre Hall, Saturday, September 11, the following property belonging to the estate of Daniel Fauber, dec'd: A tract of land adjoining the Borough of Centre Hall, bounded by lands of John Hoffer, dec'd, John Neff and George Florey, containing 4 ACRES, and 90 perches, gross measure, thereon erected a two-story Dwelling House, Work-shop, barn and other outbuildings. Choice fruit and excellent water on the premises.

Terms—One-half on confirmation of sale, balance in one year, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Sale to begin promptly at 2 p. m.

WM. WOLF,
Administrator.

REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned, executor of the estate of Christian Bame, late of Penn twp., Centre county, dec'd, will sell at public sale, on the premises, near Millheim, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, the following real estate: A GOOD FARM, situate in Penn twp., containing 81 ACRES and 99 perches, neat measurement, thereon erected a Dwelling House, Bank Barn, and other outbuildings. About 75 Acres in cultivation, the balance is well timbered with oak and pine. Well water, good orchard. This is a very desirable property and convenient to town market. Also, FOUR ACRES of farm land in Haines twp., adjoining lands of George Edgar, Adam Bartges and others. Also, FOUR ACRES of good timber land, adjoining lands of Samuel Burrell and the heirs of Isaac Behm. This tract is well timbered with White Pine, White Oak and Hemlock. Sale at one p. m., when terms will be made known by

JACOB BAME,
Executor.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Notice is hereby given that a special appeal for unseated lands will be held at the Commissioners' office in Bellefonte, on the 7th and 8th days of September, 1886.

JOHN WOLF,
J. C. HENDERSON,
A. J. GREIST,
Commissioners.

Bellefonte, August 4, 1886.

CAUTION.—Having purchased the personal property of Jacob Fultz, I will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, and hereby caution all persons against meddling with same, viz: 1 cook stove, table, sink, desk, stand, chest, bed steads, iron kettle, brass kettle, 5 chairs, clock, lounge, and all his personal property.

11a3t WILSON BECK, Gregg Twp.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, August 17.—Wheat 87½ for August and Sept.
Corn 51 for August, 50⅞ for Sept.
Oats 35½ for August, 35½ for Sept.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, old	$ 80	Oats	$ 25
Wheat, new	75	Rye	50
Corn, shelled	40	Barley, No. 1	45

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will exposed at public sale on the premises, near Tusseyville, Centre county, on Saturday, August 28, at 1 o'clock p. m., an elegant farm residence, late the property of Hon. John K. Runkle, dec'd. The same being a tract of land containing about 79 Acres, more or less, and in a state of high cultivation. The farm is one of the best producing in Pennsvalley. There are about 10 Acres of good timber land adjoining it, which will be sold with the farm. There are two good Orchards, one just beginning to bear. Good well and cistern water at the door. But one mile to church, school house and postoffice. As a farm residence for location, convenience and comfort it is unsurpassed by any in the county.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

LUCINDA RUNKLE,
Administratrix.

SPANGLER & HEWES, Attorneys for Estate.

——To clear stock for this season, I will sell my stock of Canaries, Red birds and Goldinchs at almost cost. This is a good opportunity to secure a fine singer at a small cost. J. D. MURRAY.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

—AT—

PUBLIC SALE!

The undersigned will offer at public sale, at Pealer's store, at

SPRING MILLS, SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1886,

the following described real estate of Peter Wilson, deceased:

A VALUABLE FARM, situate in Gregg township, on the turnpike about 2½ miles west of Spring Mills, containing ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE ACRES, more or less. This farm is known as one of the best producing farms in Penn's Valley, with crops generally sure. Thereon erected a fine, new frame

DWELLING HOUSE, GOOD BANK BARN, and all necessary outbuildings in good condition. A number of acres of this tract consist of excellent timberland.

Also, another tract containing TWENTY ACRES, more or less, situate on the turnpike, about one-fourth of a mile west of Spring Mills. This is a choice tract, on account of its productiveness, and is in a fine state of cultivation. Also,

A LOT OF GROUND

containing about two acres, more or less, at Spring Mills. This tract is a valuable one, being favorably located for building purposes.

Sale to commence promptly at 2:30 o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known by

JAS. D. WILSON,
JOHN F. WILSON,
Executors of Peter Wilson, deceased.

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, about ½ mile east of Tusseyville, on Saturday, September 18, the following described real estate, of Michael Ulrich, dec'd, viz: No. 1 containing 18 ACRES and 134 perches, thereon erected a frame, two-story Dwelling House, with good cellar, all necessary outbuildings, good barn, Orchard of Choice Fruit, and spring of water. No. 2 containing 11 ACRES and 32 perches, about 6 Acres are clear, the balance being timber, bounded by lands of John Lee, and Jacob Reiber's heirs. No 3 containing 5 ACRES and 123 perches, with good hemlock timber, bounded by lands of Jacob Runkle, Jacob Reiber, and others.

Sale to begin at 12 o'clock, when terms will be made known by

GEORGE GROSSMAN,
Executor of Michael Ulrich.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 *Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

BUKKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists. 4augly

SIX BARNS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Watertown, N. Y., August 14.—A very severe thunder storm prevailed in Jefferson county last night. Six barns were struck by lightning and burned. The loss will reach $50,000.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

For Wasting Diseases of Children,

Where the digestive powers are feeble and the ordinary food does not seem to nourish the child, this acts both as food and medicine, giving strength and flesh at once, and is almost as palatable as milk. Take no other. aug